Disneyland Election Extra: Ronald Reagan, Pat Brown, Simon Casady and Lenny Bruce?

October 1966

Ramparts

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"Golly gee, California is a strange state!"

Bill Tara

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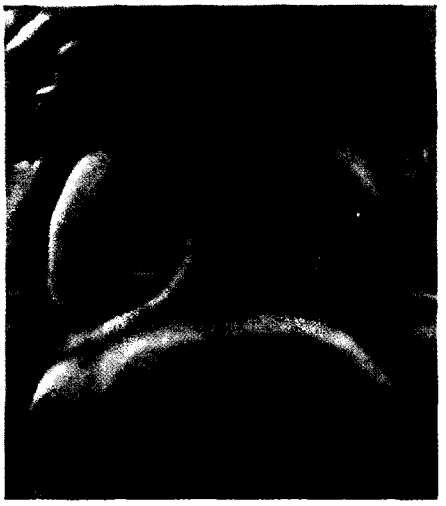

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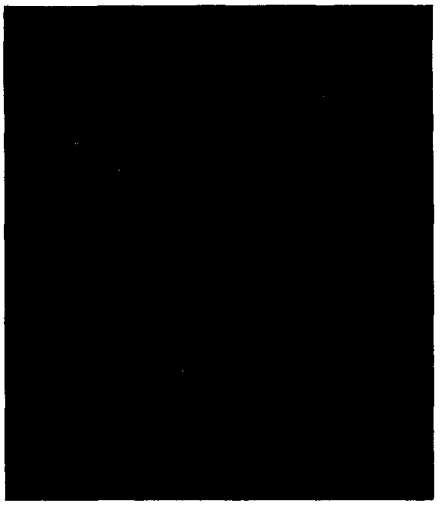

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Ramparts

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Apologia:

AT LAST we have a society editor. His name is Paul Krassner, otherwise known as The Realist (a sometimes monthly which covers things from Madalyn Murray, the professional atheist, to the latest vogue in scatology, if the two are in fact separable). Mr. Krassner promised never to say *merde* out loud in print, so we hired him on the spot. He will chronicle the life and times of New York's jet set, underground division, beginning next month. In the meantime, his Lenny Bruce memorabilia appear on page 34 in tandem with book editor Ralph J. Gleason's obituary. Both men were Bruce's friends.

Speaking of sometimes monthlies, let us introduce again the little man who runs our computer. His name is Rod Serling, we think, because he has just catapulted us, whoosh, into the future. This issue, following 30 days after August, should be September, of course. Would you believe October? Ramparts, silly that it is, used to publish at the beginning of the month—like the October issue came out October 10. But now we have a new newsstand distributor (Welcome, all the gang at Publisher's Distribution Company!) and he informs us that real life magazines come out predated—like October issues come out September 15. Hence, this is October. Everyone out there in subscriberland will get the same number of issues, so that much is all right. When you wonder where September went, think of Rod Serling.

Ramparts had three people covering the Harlem riots of 1964 and seven people in Selma in 1965, but the cover story on the California political scene, 1966, represents a record 20-mule team effort. Eleven researchers and reporters, under the direction of News Editor Sol Stern, spent weeks looking under the toadstools and rocks of California's complex garden politics, and the entire staff of editors pitched in to assemble and rewrite some 320 staff memos into an essay which, we believe for the first time, tells a national audience what the bizarre Brown-Reagan race is all about, really. When you read the story, you will see why Art Director Dugald Stermer chose to illustrate it as Disneyland.

It was announced recently that National Reviewnik L. Brent Bozell is going to launch a new magazine, called Future, as "an antidote to Ramparts." Henceforth, we will carry a label that people should read before subscribing. W.H.

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SOREL'S BESTIARY NUMBER 7

The Wahoo

[*Thespis Californicus*]

The Wahoo is easily recognized by his smooth, scaleless skin, his slippery utterances and his chestnut-colored head (which never grays). In previous seasons, the Wahoo laid his eggs on the Warner Brothers' estuary but he now swims up and down the California coast in a noble attempt to make the world safe for hypocracy. Although his philosophy is blubbery and his rhetoric inedible, he is of great commercial value to many industries which profit from his toothy smile and oily pitch.

The Lumpfish

[*Politico Californicus*]

The Lumpfish (or California Weakfish as it is sometimes called) is distinguished by his completely undistinguished appearance. He enjoys mouthing platitudes about capital punishment, decent living standards and freedom of speech, but his weak backbone keeps him from acting upon them. In spite of this he is considered a good catch by union officials who are terribly concerned lest he become extinct. When not drifting along with the prevailing currents, he enjoys floundering in a sea of expediency. ES

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Marginalia

Editorial:

HITLER'S BISHOPS

Following Hiroshima, the "just war" section of an ethics textbook used in some Jesuit colleges was revised to make the use of the atomic bomb morally permissible. This rush-to-print with an updated theology is typical and indeed symbolic of the posture of the American Catholic Church in the Cold War.

The Church has served as anchorman for the hysterical anticommunism needed to maintain the Cold War climate, and its leaders have at every turn supported the military posture of the United States—despite the fact that it violates the most basic Catholic thinking on war.

The yahoo position of the American hierarchy is nothing new. Throughout the Church's history its theologians have usually found some way of adjusting moral principles to accommodate the military necessities of a secular ruler. This pattern of the Church's spiritual leaders ducking any judgment of the war policy of a nation-state led directly to the phenomenon of German Catholic bishops rallying the faithful to support Hitler's wars.

The spiritual bankruptcy that distinguished the German bishops of the 1930's is exhibited today by the leaders of the American Catholic Church.

The Church remains silent (aside from an occasional rah-rah from Cardinal Spellman) about the genocidal and immoral war in Vietnam but gives its blessing to the continuing excessive stockpiling of the American nuclear arsenal.

If nothing else, one might expect the Church to accuse the Pentagon of the sin of gluttony, so preposterous has grown the American military's appetite. Instead, Bishop Hannan of Washington, D.C. takes the cause of "nuclear realism" to the Vatican Council and lobbies against any condemnation of "clean" nuclear weapons.

Bishop Hannan is not the only official spokesman of the American Church helping to hold high our nuclear umbrella. The metamorphosis of the originally pacifist-oriented Committee on Ethics of the Catholic Association for International Peace is another case in point. In 1941 the committee was issuing position papers forbidding "deliberate aim of a soldier at a vital organ of an unwary enemy when the inflicting wound would prove amply effective." Today, as the United States spreads napalm over entire villages of women and children there is not a pamphlet, not even a press release from the committee.

Now effectively controlled by the Church establishment, the committee spends its energies promoting the United States policy of nuclear deterrence.

The central point of Catholic ethics which American bishops choose not to talk about is that an act of war is morally indefensible if it does not discriminate between those who are guilty and those who are not. Napalming villages fits into this category. So do hydrogen bombs. However, some Washington-based Catholic theologians are attempting to sanctify United States policy by developing a new theology which says entire cities can justifiably be "targets" in a modern war, without regard to the civilian population. The church-state accommodation nears completion.

The Church's position is perhaps understandable if you view the Cold War as most American bishops do—a Holy War against the "international communist conspiracy." Extreme anticommunism has been a mark of American Catholicism since the Spanish Civil War. It remains a disfiguring characteristic. Many Catholic newspapers and clerics still feel McCarthy was treated unfairly. Madame Nhu was given uproariously cheerful receptions when she visited Catholic colleges. Cardinal Spellman remains the official Military Vicar of United States Armed Forces.

It is time for such nonsense to cease. The country can no longer afford the influence of such myopic, clerical anticommunism.

Things should have changed after Pope John. But they didn't. *Pacem in Terris* put the lie to the entire anticommunist crusade by postulating a Western-based theory of co-existence. But with Pope Paul the Church returned to a power oriented, hardline foreign policy. It is a policy with which the American bishops seem distinctly more comfortable.

Protestant and Jewish churchmen and church organizations have decried the United States' actions in Vietnam. The Catholic Church hierarchy not only remains silent, but silences the few individual priests like Father Daniel Berrigan who attempt to question the saintliness of American escalation.

As President Johnson, the gleam of Ahab in his eye, whips the country inexorably deeper into his Great Crusade in Asia, the chances for sanity, the opportunities for a reasonable release from this disastrous prosecution of an unwanted war for an unwilling ally, measurably diminish every day.

The Roman Catholic Church is the one American institution with the power and prestige to destroy the mythology upon which Johnson's war is based—the mythology of the efficacy of an already crumbled "international communist conspiracy." The need for the Church to speak out is all the more poignant because it helped create that mythology.

When the Catholic Church certified the cause of trade unionism in the encyclical *Rarum Navarum* it was a deliberate social act with salutary international consequences. The effect would be similar if the American bishops certified the peace movement. If they do not, they will be remembered as the "Hitler's bishops" of America.

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Opinion:

THE BIRTH OF BLACK POWER

by Andrew Kopkind

"Black Power" may have been the rallying cry of the Meredith march, but "white power" is still the Mississippi way. Its expression was in the shotgun blast that felled James Meredith, in the sullen faces which greeted marchers in the Delta towns, in the cherry-bombs and axe-handles of Philadelphia, the tear gas in Canton, and the wall of troops guarding the capitol at Jackson. The black panther is not yet at the throats of Mississippi's whites; after the marchers and the loudspeakers and the television crews have gone, the whites are still in control.

If the long, brutally hot trek through darkest Mississippi did not noticeably soften the white power structure, it did at least give many Negroes an appreciation of the changes that are possible in their lives. The main column and its outrunners passed through dozens of towns that had never been touched by "the movement," or had not felt its national influence. The appearance of an NBC camera in Yazoo City is not necessarily a sign that the Revolution is at hand, but it does mean that things will never be quite the same again.

Meredith began the march as a rite of exorcism, a way to work out those fears which made him something less than a man. He has said over the years, since his adventures at the University of Mississippi, that his chief objective was to become "unadjectived"; not a Negro-man, but a man. Mississippi had denied him that privilege, as it had reduced all Negroes to psychological serfdom.

The march never lost the character of a crusade. The cries of "black power" in its last week were a natural expression of its original intent. SNCC workers from Alabama imported irridescent orange bumper stickers carrying the black panther slogan and the proclamation, "We're the Greatest." There were printed posters with the same snarling panther and the warning: "Move on over—Or We'll Move on Over You!" They were usually read by Northerners on the march as sinister statements of policy. But for almost everybody en route, "black power" (some SNCC kids prefer "black consciousness") was simply the denial of fear and the assertion of manhood.

The old cries of "Freedom" and "We Shall Overcome" are still good for public relations, but they no longer represent the mood of the marchers. Dr. Alvin Poussaint, a Negro psychiatrist who heads the Medical Committee for Human Rights activities in the South, seemed to make the most sense to the marchers at the Jackson rally: "For many years we have been singing 'We Shall Overcome,' and this song is almost obsolete and too passive. A new day is here, brothers, and we should begin to think, act, and feel that 'We Shall Overthrow'... the vicious system of segregation, discrimination, and white supremacy."

It is difficult for whites (and many Negroes) to understand a "march against fear," much less a march for identity. When Meredith was shot and national civil rights leaders rushed to Hernando, all the conflicting ideas about the movement began to appear. Dr. King, the first on the scene, wanted to make the march another in his series of national civil rights spectaculars. The country needed one. White sympathies were flagging; the 1966 civil rights bill was in trouble in Congress. More than that, King has fallen upon bad times. His Southern Christian Leadership Conference was foundering in the South, and it had yet to make an impact on the Chicago ghetto. SCLC had not had a victory since Selma, a year and a half ago, and King's own significance was

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increasingly problematic.

He has been, more or less, shut out by the White House, perhaps because of his criticism of the war in Vietnam, or more likely because he does not, after all, have much to offer in the way of politics. At the recent White House Conference "To Fulfill These Rights," King was all but ignored. The Administration's smiles were reserved for the most "responsible" leaders, those who have given up any ideas of militancy.

These "responsible" leaders, probably with White House approval, had little to do with the march. In the first hours after the Meredith shooting, when Dr. King and his friends issued a "manifesto" containing some mild criticisms of President Johnson, Roy Wilkins drew away in horror, denouncing the march and the marchers. Whitney Young, of the Urban League, was on-again, off-again. He finally appeared in the last 24 hours of the march, but when introduced at the rally on the eve of entry into Jackson, he was roundly booed. No one even thought to ask whether Ralph Bunche was coming.

KING FOUND HIMSELF in the role of the most conservative leader on the march. Ignored by Washington, he was treated barely more cordially by the SNCC bloc. SNCC could have hardly refused to take part; the movement in Mississippi started when Bob Moses came to Amite County in 1961 (He was later driven out of McComb, and returned to direct the remarkable Summer Project in 1964). Most of the civil rights work in the counties began with SNCC or its allies.

Local Mississippi Negro leaders saw the march as a way to organize movements in the towns and counties, and as a stimulus for voter registration. Their major concern was that nothing would happen after the column of marchers came and went. Nothing much happened, they argued, in the other cities where King has staged national demonstrations: Selma, Birmingham, Albany, St. Augustine. SNCC, the Freedom Democratic Party and the Delta Ministry (of the National Council of Churches) had to fight with King to get the march off Highway 51 and into the Delta. He reluctantly agreed.

White Mississippi finally began to realize that the march was something more than the publicity stunt their newspapers were calling it. Governor Paul Johnson withdrew most of the state troopers he had assigned to "protect" the marchers. Hostility increased in the towns, but there were only minor incidents until Philadelphia. There, under the watchful eyes of a sheriff and his deputy—under indictment for the murder of three civil rights workers in 1964—the local populace attacked King and a group of marchers who had come for a memorial service (it was two years since the murders). Sheriff Lawrence Rainey and Deputy Cecil Price have hardly been chastened by two years of demonstrations and national legislation. During the last days of the march, Rainey sealed off the Negro quarter of town at sundown and kept it under a kind of siege. From time to time he made armed forays into the area—in his big white 98-Oldsmobile fitted out with four antennas, five spotlights, and carrying (on the day I saw it) a machine gun, a rifle, two leather slapjacks, a set of brass knuckles, a wooden truncheon, and a boxful of packages of Red Man chewing tobacco (Rainey himself carries a .38 and an ammunition belt).

It is not easy for Negroes to give nonviolent answers to brutality in such an atmosphere, and after two years of civil rights work, many are no longer sure what the point is. Two days after the attack in Philadelphia, a white man fired into the Freedom House in the middle of the night. One of the young workers inside fired back. Later, he told me:

"Ralph Abernathy (King's lieutenant) says, 'If you fight back you're a coward.' That's crazy. It's just a question of being a man. What's my nonviolent response to a guy shooting at me in the dark and running away through the streets? Do I go limp somewhere inside the house? What the hell am I supposed to do? The assumption of nonviolent protest is that the other guy has a conscience you can appeal to. That's just not true in Mississippi.

"People get hung up when Martin tells them to be nonviolent down here. Nobody wants to hear that nonviolent stuff anymore. The real issue isn't violence *versus* nonviolence; it's self-defense *versus* accepting anything white people want to do to you—including death."

Much the same attitude was heard in Canton after the state police gassed marchers as they prepared to pitch tents for the night on the grounds of a Negro school. The troopers' attack was obviously ordered in Jackson. The police approached in tight formation, cleared away the doctors and nurses, saturated the area with gas, and then waded in with clubs, rifle-butts—and jack-boots. Scores were hospitalized, and most of the injuries came from the beatings.

WHETHER OR NOT Governor Johnson ordered the gassing himself, he benefited from it. He had been under pressure from the militant racists to "deal" with the march. Withdrawal of the state police patrols was obviously not enough; he had to escalate to tear gas. When the march came to Jackson, he put hundreds of National Guardsmen around two sides of the capitol square, and stationed state police and special Game and Fish Commission guards on the other sides. The marchers were kept in a corner of the block and could not come within 200 feet of the building. "That's humiliating," a civil rights leader from Bogalusa said scornfully. "They should have been able to get to the steps." He, and everybody else, did not miss the aptness of an unintegrated guard (federally subsidized) around the capitol.

Governor Johnson was admirably supported by the White House all during the march. President Johnson turned down requests for federal protection of the marchers, even after the Philadelphia attack. After Canton, the Administration took the position that the Negroes brought on the trouble themselves by refusing three private campsites offered to them. A delegation of church leaders called on Attorney General Katzenbach the next day and argued that the federal government should not necessarily concern itself with the choice of tent grounds. "What do you think about trespassing?" Katzenbach shot back to an Episcopalian bishop. After 18 long minutes of bother, the attorney general excused himself to attend "a call from the President," which was the end of the Administration's case against federal protection, and effectively closed the matter.

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It is probably a characteristic of the new mood of the Southern civil rights movement that the young marchers did not care one way or the other about federal help; if anything, they tended to disdain it. After Canton, many of the Negroes found arms. At the second Canton rally (held on the school grounds under a battery of rooftop machine-guns manned by state troopers ordered to "protect public property") the hero was Ernest Thomas, the leader of the Deacons for Defense, who argued very convincingly that the Negroes could not rely on others to defend them.

No matter how much whites would have liked it, the march would not come un-black. "This black power thing is very serious," one Northern church official complained. "The folks back home are scared. They aren't using their air travel cards and coming down like they used to." Many of the young militants would just as soon have it that way. They doubt the value and the depth of the "national sympathy" which is presumed to be the vehicle for giving Negroes what they demand. "I wouldn't care if we never get another civil rights bill if they'd just enforce the ones we've got," a SNCC staffer said. The experience of the county organizers has been that whites are *too* competent; the local poor Negroes fall into the old patterns of reliance on "the man." When he leaves, the organization falls apart. The Negroes are not at all sure they can do anything themselves.

Whether "black power" or "black consciousness" solves such problems must remain to be seen. What is more certain is that Negroes in the South (as well as the North) are perhaps irreversibly heading in that direction. The Meredith march was probably the last "freedom march" and the first "black power march." It may also have been the last that included "white liberals" in any sizable numbers. "From now on," a white journalist who has been in the South for a long time said, "color the movement black." "You know," a former SNCC officer replied, "what gets people isn't the *power*; they understand that. It's the *black*."

Andrew Kopkind is an associate editor of the New Republic and American correspondent for the New Statesman of London.

Opinion:

A DEVOUT MEDITATION IN MEMORY OF ADOLF EICHMANN

by Thomas Merton

From Raids on the Unspeakable *by Thomas Merton. Copyright © 1964 by New Directions. Reprinted by permission of the publisher, New Directions Publishing Corporation.*

One of the most disturbing facts that came out in the Eichmann trial was that a psychiatrist examined him and pronounced him *perfectly sane*. I do not doubt it at all, and that is precisely why I find it disturbing.

If all the Nazis had been psychotics, as some of their leaders probably were, their appalling cruelty would have been in some sense easier to understand. It is much worse to consider this calm, "well-balanced," unperturbed official conscientiously going about his desk work, his administrative job which happened to be the supervision of mass murder. He was thoughtful, orderly, unimaginative. He had a profound respect for system, for law and order. He was obedient, loyal, a faithful officer of a great state. He served his government very well.

He was not bothered much by guilt. I have not heard that he developed any psychosomatic illnesses. Apparently he slept well. He had a good appetite, or so it seems. True, when he visited Auschwitz, the Camp Commandant, Hoess, in a spirit of sly deviltry, tried to tease the big boss and scare him with some of the sights. Eichmann was disturbed, yes. He was disturbed. Even Himmler had been disturbed, and had gone weak at the knees. Perhaps, in the same way, the general manager of a big steel mill might be disturbed if an accident took place while he happened to be somewhere in the plant. But of course what happened at Auschwitz was not an accident: just the routine unpleasantness of the daily task. One must shoulder the burden of daily monotonous work for the Fatherland. Yes, one must suffer discomfort and even nausea from unpleasant sights and sounds. It all comes under the heading of duty, self-sacrifice, and obedience. Eichmann was devoted to duty, and proud of his job.

The sanity of Eichmann is disturbing. We equate sanity with a sense of justice, with humaneness, with prudence, with the capacity to love and understand other people. We rely on the sane people of the world to preserve it from barbarism, madness, destruction. And now it begins to dawn on us that it is precisely the *sane* ones who are the most dangerous.

It is the sane ones, the well-adapted ones, who can without qualms and without nausea aim the missiles and press the buttons that will initiate the great festival of destruction that they, *the sane ones,* have prepared. What makes us so sure, after all, that the danger comes from a psychotic getting into a position to fire the first shot in a nuclear war? Psychotics will be suspect. No one suspects the sane, and the sane ones will have *perfectly good reasons,* logical, well-adjusted reasons, for firing the shot. They will be obeying sane orders that have come sanely down the chain of command. And because of their sanity they will have no qualms at all. When the missiles take off, then, *it will be no mistake.*

We can no longer assume that because a man is "sane" he is therefore in his "right mind." The whole concept of sanity in a society where spiritual values have lost their meaning is itself meaningless. A man can be "sane" in the limited sense that he is not impeded by his disordered emotions from acting in a cool, orderly manner, according to the needs and dictates of the social situation in which he finds himself. He can be perfectly "adjusted." God knows, perhaps such people can be perfectly adjusted even in hell itself.

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"And so I ask myself: what is the meaning of a concept of sanity that excludes love, considers it irrelevant, and destroys our capacity to love other human beings, to respond to their needs and their sufferings, to recognize them also as persons, to apprehend their pain as one's own? Evidently this is not necessary for "sanity" at all. It is a religious notion, a spiritual notion, a Christian notion. What business have we to equate "sanity" with "Christianity?" None at all, obviously. The worst error is to imagine that a Christian must try to be "sane" like everybody else, that we *belong* in our kind of *society*. That we must be "realistic" about it. We must develop a *sane* Christianity: and there have been plenty of sane Christians in the past. Torture is nothing new, is it? We ought to be able to rationalize a little brainwashing, and genocide, and find a place for nuclear war, or at least for napalm bombs, in our moral theology. Certainly some of us are doing our best along those lines already. There are hopes! Even Christians can shake off their sentimental prejudices about charity, and become sane like Eichmann. They can even cling to a certain set of Christian formulas, and fit them into a Totalist Ideology. Let them talk about justice, charity, love, and the rest. These words have not stopped some sane men from acting very sanely and cleverly in the past . . .

No, Eichmann was sane. The generals and fighters on both sides, in World War II, the ones who carried out the total destruction of entire cities, these were the sane ones. Those who have invented and developed atomic bombs, thermonuclear bombs, missiles; who have planned the strategy of the next war; who have evaluated the various possibilities of using bacterial and chemical agents: these are not the crazy people, they are the *sane* people. The ones who coolly estimate how many millions of victims can be considered expendable in a nuclear war, I presume they do all right with the Rorschach ink blots too. On the other hand, you will probably find that pacifists and the ban-the-bomb people are, quite seriously, just as we read in Time, a little crazy.

I am beginning to realize that "sanity" is no longer a value or an end in itself. The "sanity" of modern man is

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RANDOM HOUSE

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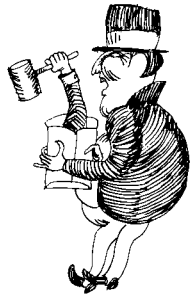
about as useful to him as the huge bulk and muscles of the dinosaur. If he were a little less sane, a little more doubtful, a little more aware of his absurdities and contradictions, perhaps there might be a possibility of his survival. But if he is sane, too sane . . . perhaps we must say that in a society like ours the worst insanity is to be totally without anxiety, totally "sane."

Father Thomas Merton, poet, philosopher and renowned monk at the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemane, Kentucky, is most widely known for his book, The Seven Storey Mountain.

Letters:



OF BIRDS AND BEASTS

SIRS:

Congratulations on the fifth anniversary of RAMPARTS. It is one of the few examples of a free press in the States. I hope that it can continue its good work for years. Sorel's Bestiary is an outstanding feature.

JOHN HALCONE
San Jose, Costa Rica

SIRS:

The July cover is a masterpiece and a gem of artistry. Congratulations to both your magazine and Edward Sorel.

I could offer only two improvements, i.e., (1) include the Pope and (2) make Buckley a little more rat-faced. However, these are trivia. You and the artist will no doubt be nominated, by the Cardinal Hawk, for decoration as Papal knights or to be sentenced to burning at the stake.

RAYWOOD FRAZIER
Los Angeles, California

SIRS:

Congratulations on Edward Sorel's brilliant Aviary (*Hawkus Caucus Americanus*).

I am reminded of the discussion of metapsychosis in Plato's *Phædo* where Socrates remarks:

"Those, again, who have preferred injustice and tyrannies and robberies, enter into the bodies of wolves and hawks and kites; or where else do we say they would go?"

JENE A. LARUE
Buffalo, New York

SIRS:

In reference to your July cover: I resent this slur on Bob Hope.

PETER HODGSON
Madison, Connecticut

IN HOMAGE TO THE HUELGA

SIRS:

The slice of *huelga* [RAMPARTS, July 1966] is the most carefully prepared and well-presented material done yet. Thanks from a *gringo* part of NFWA.

JIM DRAKE, Assistant Director
National Farm Workers Association
Delano, California

SIRS:

Luis Valdez would do well to look again at his article and contrast it with Cesar Chavez'. Such contrast would reveal the gulf between the ideological zealot and the practical reformer. Perhaps Valdez genuinely feels that he has "missed out on the chief legacy of the Revolution" and consequently must join the "murmurings" for a new one. But one wonders just how far Valdez' romanticism would carry Chavez' organizers.

I would hate to sweat with the flag-wavers, but Valdez needs reminding that he is an heir of revolution—the American Revolution—and who would deny that Cesar Chavez is working in that tradition of dissent and reform? I can't believe Valdez is remotely correct in asking Mexican–Americans to forget Washington and remember Tenochtitlán.

BRUCE ATKINS
San Jose, California

SIRS:

It is hard to think of anything to say, because I am too immersed in a single part of the Movement to perceive all of it, and you, whom I can know only through your expressed good wishes for unity and victory, are so far that it would be difficult to pour into your soul the emotions and desires of the people in Delano who make this association what it is. But I don't really have to tell you—because the reverberations of our hopes and fears have stretched loudly and proudly across the United States; and you have responded to the challenge of the strike to which so many in this very small city are deaf. You have responded with the coupling of your soul and ours, building a chain which extends so much farther than our October musings of success and failure. Thank you for being a link in this grand chain.

MARY MURPHY
Farm Worker Press, Inc.
Delano, California

FROM YOUR PARAPETS

SIRS:

Being a student, I more than appreciate your articles, especially on Vietnam. I only wish all Australians could read them, and they heighten my frustration when I realise that I fail to communicate their sentiments to others.

The newspaper I edit (recognised as the best student newspaper in Australia and New Zealand) has been a constant opponent of American and Australian policy in Vietnam, and because of its influence, especially on the "intelligentsia" we are under constant surveillance from the security, and subject to merciless attacks from the Right. The frightening thing about all this is that Australia is slowly developing into a miniature America, complete with Security Police, campus spies, stifling of opposition, bandying of the "Communist Scare," and all the other related facets of a "Not so free" America.

The Vietnam war and introduction of conscription is bringing out a side of Australians I have never seen before. I hope it can be controlled. The viciousness and hatred heaped on peaceful demonstrations terrifies me. The word "Communist" is enough to turn the mildest of men into an uncontrolled fiend capable of any form of mass hysteria and capable of a form of fanaticism reminiscent of Nazi Germany. How can you convince people that opposition to an extreme, ridiculous and disastrous policy is not a "Communist Plot?"

PETE STEEDMAN
Monash University
Victoria, Australia

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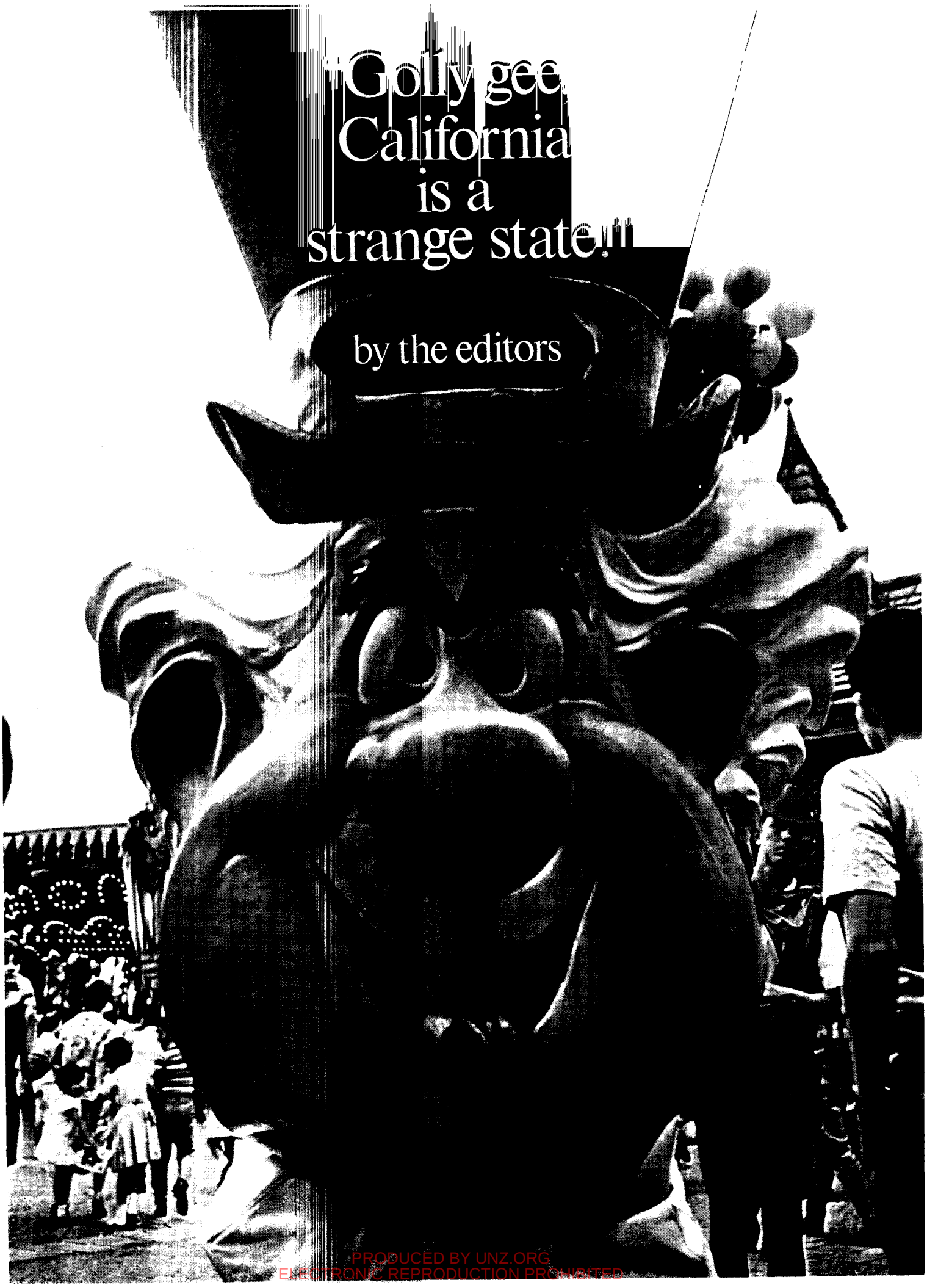
"Golly gee, California is a strange state!"

by the editors



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[Preface]

GOVERNOR EDMUND G. "PAT" BROWN would have worked perfectly as the anguished father in one of those serious movies about juvenile delinquents. He is a well meaning guy who is perpetually befuddled by the gap between the intentions of his actions and their results. His style is best defined by his favorite saying, "Golly gee," a phrase well known to those who for the past eight years have attempted to cajole, coerce and seduce good Pat into becoming something that he never could be.

Having first come into office on an impressive wave of progressivism, charged by the voters to remake the political life of California, he is now an almost pathetic figure, muttering helplessly as chaos mounts around him and he is increasingly threatened by a rival who seems to have a monopoly on fresh ideas and political vitality.

But Pat Brown's failure is not a personal one. If it were, then the California race would be an accident hardly worthy of extensive comment. Brown is merely the fall guy for the failure of a whole style of liberal politics which has had its day in California and has failed to catch on.

Most liberals have great difficulty understanding the appeal of the right wing. They tend to dismiss it as overly simplistic or they attempt to birchbait it out of existence. It is the thesis of the story which follows that this is a dangerously inadequate response, and that the right wing is not an aberration on the American political scene, but rather a natural outgrowth of the assumptions and style of the liberal center.

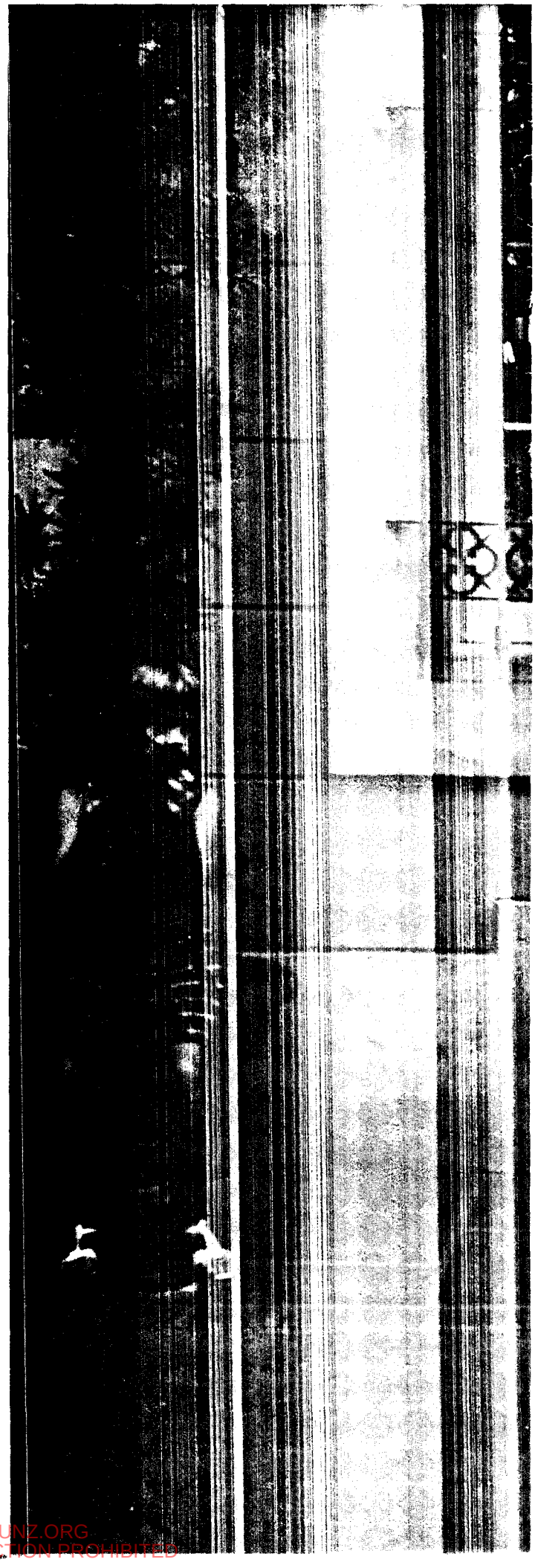
[I. Pat Brown in Liberal-land]

THE SLENDER, SERIOUS NEGRO girl rose and spoke quietly. "Governor," she said, "I don't know why you came here. You haven't listened to anything we've said and all you do is make speeches to us. I think you came here just to get our votes." "That's right," boomed a chorus of echoes from the rest of the Negroes in the hot back room.

Pat Brown was on a secret visit to Watts.

The clandestine meeting on August 11 was arranged by writer Paul Jacobs at the request of Brown's campaign manager Fred Dutton. Jacobs picked up Brown at his stately house in the old, rich section off Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, and sneaked him to a no-press, off the record visit to the unprepossessing offices of Operation Boot Strap, at Central Avenue and 42nd Street. With Brown were Dutton, press secretary Jack Burby and a travel secretary.

Gathered at Operation Boot Strap was a cross-section of the leadership of Watts militants and nationalists.



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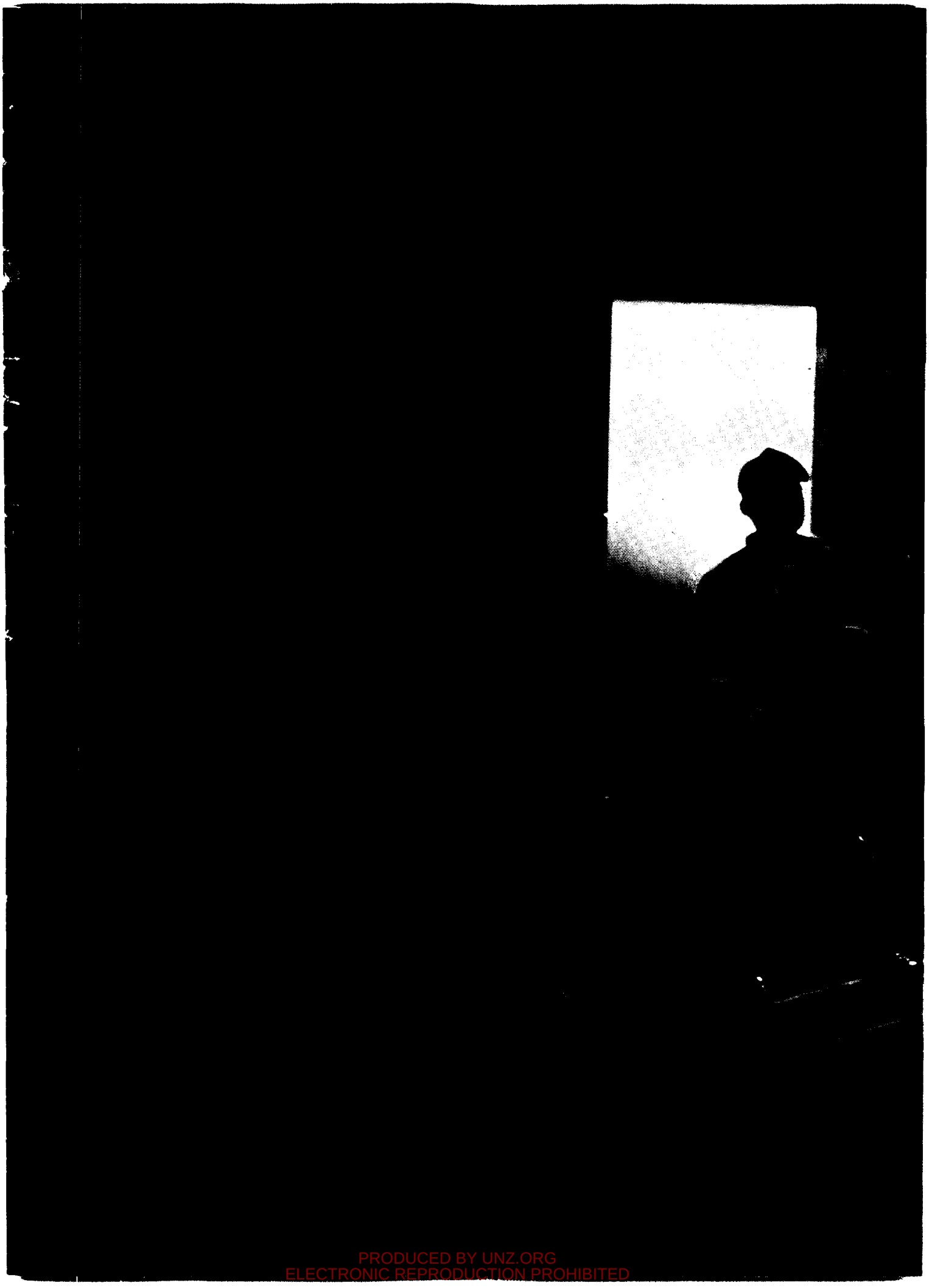

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Brown strode in, obviously ill at ease, and placed himself in a chair warily facing the Negroes. It was already clear that the governor had paid little if any attention to his campaign aides' effort to brief him in advance. It became still clearer as Brown began the meeting with his standard speech on the accomplishments of his administration, the great state of California, and his own deep personal feelings about minority problems.

Brown met every angry complaint with either an injured defense of his good will or a civics class lecture on the difficulties of getting bills through a legislature. ("What about that anti-riot bill, motha, you got that through," a Watts leader yelled.) About the size of the ghetto, the population of the ghetto, the problems of the ghetto, he displayed an alarming ignorance. The temperature in the room grew hotter in tone as well as fact while Brown consistently, and with increasing anger, refused to commit himself to any course of action on even the smallest point.

Attracted by the raucous voices, additional Negroes wandered in until Brown must have felt that all of Watts was standing there shouting at him. One angry man shouted a reminder that Brown had brought only white advisors with him. A tall intense boy of 20 shouted, "This whole thing is a fraud."

At one point, a woman official for an anti-poverty project flared up when Brown interrupted her and cried, "Just a minute—I gave you the courtesy of hearing you out, now you do the same for me."

"Hold on there . . ." Brown began.

"You hold on there," she answered quietly, "and listen."

Brown was so shaken by the experience that he made the meeting an on the record one by describing it, that night, to a Look reporter for use in an article on Brown.

"Nobody," he said, "ever talked to me like that before."

The meeting, from Brown's point of view, was a disaster—like any meeting in which Pat Brown tries to deal directly with issues, relying on his own resources. In that crowded, sweaty room in the Negro ghetto, Brown could only bluster clichés, equating the problems of the ghetto with the past problems of the Jews, the Portuguese and other minorities. To the governor of California, the state's nearly two million Negroes are merely San Francisco Italians, only darker: a political problem which might become a political bloc, to be dealt with in political terms.

Three days later, Brown was pressuring the State Central Committee of his Democratic party to adopt a resolution promising revision of the Rumford Fair Housing Act —symbol of the battle against discrimination in California for more than four years. Two months earlier, he had publicly embraced both Los Angeles' racist mayor Sam Yorty and Yorty's vicious "anti-riot" bill.

SACRAMENTO IN JUNE was in pointed contrast to Watts in August. In the governor's office, a vast, darkish room with an enormous walnut desk, plush leather seats, an air of cigar smoking luxury and only a surprisingly shabby rug to mar the impression, Brown allowed himself to be photographed, fatuously showing Yorty to the governor's chair while the dapper Los Angeles mayor grinned amiably back at him and willingly tried the chair out for size.

Afterward, the two men emerged from the capitol, Brown's arm genially thrown around Yorty's well clothed shoulders, and Brown announced—with a cheeriness duly noted in Watts and elsewhere—that he would ask the state legislature to pass Yorty's "anti-riot" bill, the mayor's answer to the 1965 Watts rebellion.

"If Sam wants the bill," Brown said expansively, "he can have it. It won't do any harm, and who knows? It may do some good."

Like many liberals around him, Brown, flustered and ill at ease among the Negroes of Watts, is more at home with political accommodation. The bill Sam Yorty wanted, that wouldn't do any harm, was a piece of pure sedition legislation, designed to allow the Los Angeles police to pull Negroes off the streets of Watts for making political speeches. Brown had held off Yorty's demands for this legislation for months. But in the primary election, Yorty ran against Brown and piled up nearly a million votes. The scene in Sacramento took place 13 days later.

This is Brown's hangup: not the problems of the Negroes in Watts, about which he understands nothing, but the "white backlash" and its implications for the simple question, stripped of rhetoric, of whether the Brown administration will stay in office. Of course they believe and will argue, that they have to stay in office to do Good Things; but meanwhile Pat would rather let Sam have his bill, sedition and all, than buck what he sees as the racism of California.

Coleman Blease, Sacramento lobbyist for the American Civil Liberties Union, can say seriously, and accurately, that "If someone like Reagan had been governor, there would have been no riot bill—he would not have been able to put the same kinds of pressure on the Democratic assemblymen."

In the gubernatorial Convair, "The Grizzly," en route from San Francisco to Los Angeles, Brown was asked directly about the "anti-riot" bill. He stared thoughtfully for a moment at his black Western boots thrust out in front of him; his answer, when it came, was earnest and solemn.

"I regret that Negroes feel the bill was aimed at them," he said. "It wasn't. The law will prevail just as much against the white agitator. We are in deep trouble, with

ıtography of Disneyland by Bill Tara

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people taking the law into their own hands, and we needed legislation like this."

It sounds like Doublethink. Probably it is. Brown does dislike "people taking the law into their own hands"; he has an almost mystical regard for the "law" as a sort of high, unattached abstraction, a fact that was partially involved in his attitudes toward Caryl Chessman, toward the University of California, toward participants in San Francisco civil rights sit-ins who later received astonishingly high sentences.

THREE FULL-TIME paid employees at Brown headquarters do nothing but sleuth into Reagan's right-wing connections. In August the Democratic State Central Committee released the results of their work in a 29-page document. The "connections" were nebulous, as most newspapers immediately noticed. The "dossier" fairly well establishes that Reagan is a genuine reactionary, and there is no doubt that his campaign has attracted lunatic rightists. But moderate Republicans like Caspar Weinberger play significant roles in the campaign as well. And to claim, as the Democratic "dossier" does, that Reagan "uses his considerable platform talents as a magnet to build up neo-fascist organizations," is a gross exaggeration. If extremists contribute to Reagan's campaign, it is also true that Brown is backed by rank conservatives, high finance and agribusiness, and has been since the California Water Plan (as an astonished Nixon learned in 1962 when the traditionally Republican growers turned down his fund-raisers). This is not to say that Reagan won't also smear: he recently attacked Brown's support by "such groups as the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs."

Brown's headquarters, across from Los Angeles' Wilshire-Sheraton Hotel, occupies the second floor of a low, long two story building. The bottom story, perhaps symbolically, is empty.

A visitor goes up in a slow, wheezing elevator, past an attractive Negro girl at a switchboard. Inside, the eye-stinging autumn smog filters through the windows, but shirtsleeved men in their forties and blankfaced younger women move competently, professionally through the myriad menial tasks of the campaign. Around them are the seemingly uncoordinated piles of boxed leaflets and stacked mimeographed sheets, the folding chairs and rented tables that mark campaign headquarters everywhere. It takes a minute to realize that something is missing.

Even in the headquarters of the most futile campaign there is usually an overtone of optimistic enthusiasm, a snap in the air. This excitement, this enthusiasm, is missing at 3700 Wilshire Boulevard; the campaign workers go about their business, the smog seeps in—there is a sense of going through the motions. The reason is clear. The word is defeatism.

Brown's lieutenants, like Brown himself, are bemused by Yorty's million votes. The Yorty vote means to Democrats in California what George Wallace's Indiana vote meant to Democrats nationally in 1964: white backlash. One Brown aide put it cynically and succinctly: "We don't have to go after the Negro vote, the Mexican vote, the university vote. We'll forget about all those votes for one good solid chunk of the San Fernando Valley." The San Fernando Valley, "the bedroom of Los Angeles," is white and middle class—and contains more people than Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The Democratic retreat on race goes back before Watts and Sam Yorty to Proposition 14. Placed on the ballot in 1964 by real estate interests ostensibly to repeal the state's new fair housing law, Proposition 14 actually amended the state's constitution to insulate the realtors from any law that would inhibit their right to make racial restrictions in the sale or rental of housing. The voters may not have understood its complexities, but they certainly knew that the amendment was aimed at keeping Negroes off the block, and they wound up approving Proposition 14 by a whopping 2 to 1 vote.

Scratch a typical Californian, leading Democrats now insist, and whether he's Democratic or Republican you'll likely as not find a racist underneath. Since his opposition to Proposition 14 two years ago, Pat Brown has said nothing on civil rights that would disturb the tranquility of an Alabama sheriff.

WHEN THE RACIAL EXPLOSION in Watts in 1965 augmented the climate of racism among California's whites, Brown's only significant action was to appoint a commission—headed by Republican San Marino millionaire and ex-CIA chief John McCone—which explained it all in a report that scarcely mentioned the Los Angeles Police Department. McCone's reputation as a reactionary is well known in southern California, and the other commission members represented all the powerful interests of Los Angeles County. The whip on the commission was Warren Christopher, an attorney who was one of Brown's loyal supporters in southern California and at one time a member of Brown's "cabinet." The chief investigator for the commission was a former FBI man. The staff's job was simple: get a report out as quickly as possible.

They did—to the point of ignoring their own findings. The commission had hired, in addition to its staff, a group of consultants in specialized areas such as social welfare, public health, unemployment, and transportation.

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But when the patchwork report was published, as quickly as it could be done, the consultants' reports were not included. And in some cases the commission's report flatly contradicted its own consultants' analyses.

The McCone report, typically, failed to discuss the police problem in Watts in any but the most superficial way. It was obvious that to the governor, the report had only one function: to leave the status quo undisturbed. To Negroes in Los Angeles and throughout the country, the commission's report was simply another piece of white man's government.

Now the word is definitely out to Brown's supporters in the Democratic party: cool it on civil rights. Even though a lower court ruled Proposition 14 to be in conflict with the federal Constitution, Brown would not back public enforcement of the fair housing law. He insisted on waiting until the state's highest court ruled, and he reportedly made several phone calls, attempting to influence that court not to rule until after the June 7th primary. The court ruled anyway, affirming the lower court and holding Proposition 14 to be unconstitutional, but the law still receives only occasional enforcement. Now Brown is waiting for the United States Supreme Court to rule. With any luck, that won't be until after the elections.

The state's judges seem to have received the word, also, and are getting tough on civil rights demonstrators. "People around the state," a Brown aide said in the Wilshire Boulevard headquarters, "want the guy to be tough. They think he's too soft on crime." Among the criminals he's being tough on are 110 civil rights demonstrators who got one-, two- and three-month sentences for the San Francisco sit-ins of 1964. Sentenced for the most part by Brown-appointed judges, their appeals to the governor for clemency or pardon were ignored. Informally, their lawyers were told by the governor's staff that "it's a bad year for that sort of stuff," and that public pleas for clemency "are embarrassing the governor."

Brown himself, of course, makes no such statements. Pressed, he falls back on his mystic devotion to "the law." On that same plane trip, for instance, he said of the San Francisco civil rights demonstrators, "I know a great many of these people, and I am sympathetic to them—they aren't criminal in any way—but they have violated the law." Somehow, this becomes an argument against clemency.

And again, speaking of the student demonstrators at the University of California, against whom Brown loosed the nightsticks of Oakland cops and state highway patrolmen two years ago: "Those young people at Berkeley are trying to see through the sham of people in high places. I greatly admire their courage and sincerity. But if they violate the laws I will arrest them."

The sham of what people in what high places?

This is the same Pat Brown who said eight years earlier, in a similar (but not airborne) interview during his first campaign, "You just wait. I'm a hell of a lot more liberal than they think I am." We're all still waiting.

[II. Si Casady in Adventureland]

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY in California had elected only one governor in half a century when Pat Brown clobbered William Fife Knowland, the former senator with twin constituencies in California and Formosa. Brown's 1958 victory marked a Democratic resurgence which owed its vitality to tens of thousands of political amateurs—hard working liberals of the early Adlai Stevenson tradition who banded together to form the California Democratic Council. The CDC was a happening of grass roots democracy: an issues oriented organization that intended to remain free of political hacks and independent of party machinery, to endorse, and to elect candidates who followed a liberal line.

Flushed with the enormity of the 1958 Democratic triumph over the right wing Republican machine, the fusion of liberals, visionaries and activists who created the Brown tidal wave saw a truly golden future for the Golden State: the chance to break the economic stranglehold of California's big landowners, the long awaited opportunity to better the frightful lot of the state's minorities, the means to introduce effective social planning into a fantastic growth pattern, and the occasion to revitalize a great state university that had been crippled by a ridiculous but ominous loyalty oath fight. It was an eager, exciting moment. The Republican machine was being swept out of Sacramento. Democracy, with a small "d," was back in politics.

But things happened. The vision gradually, ever gradually, soured—a curdling process more of style than events. Many CDC activists sought, and received, their share of the spoils of victory—judgeships, administrative assistantships, high salaried state positions, appointments to prestigious governor's commissions and boards. The impact of this sudden, bountiful pork barrel wrought a metamorphosis in the CDC, from a loose alliance of idealistic, fighting liberals to a more traditionally political organization. A significant segment of its membership now shared in the caretakership of the ruling establishment, instead of opposing it.

The CDC began to split over two approaches to liberalism—divergent paths represented by Alan Cranston and Simon Casady. Cranston's principles are a means to power, not an end. Casady is more old fashioned. He is an "issues" liberal—unwilling to compromise for power.

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But in America today, liberalism has come to stand for the basically "adaptable" position of Alan Cranston.

If there is a mold for Adlai Stevenson in the Platonic world of true forms, Alan Cranston was cut from it. He even *looks* something like Stevenson—tall, high cheekboned, bald, a starry, intellectually curious look in his deep-set eyes. It was as a young Adlai, with a touch of Jay Gatsby, that Cranston assumed the leadership of the newly created CDC in 1953. He had the right credentials to enforce its original liberal, intellectual tone. He had been a foreign correspondent. He had the bizarre distinction of being the only American sued by Hitler (for an unauthorized translation). He had written a book, *The Killing of the Peace*, attacking American isolationism. He had been president of the United World Federalists. The Gatsby touch in Cranston's background made him an even more attractive public figure—he was rugged, athletic and rich, and kept up his good former-Stanford-track-star shape by running a mile every morning even unto middle age.

After four years of plugging for Democratic candidates, Cranston parlayed his CDC influence into a drive for himself as 1958 senatorial nominee. That entailed bumping out veteran congressman Clair Engle who had had dibs on the nomination for some time, and the party pros prevailed on Cranston to settle for state controller instead.

It was a back seat role, but it turned out to be a pretty plush back seat. Few California voters know, and fewer care, what the state controller does. Nevertheless, it is a politically sensitive and powerful post. It was from the controller's office that present Republican Senator Thomas Kuchel was appointed to Washington to fill Richard Nixon's senatorial shoes in 1953. The controllership's greatest asset is in the unparalleled opportunity it provides to create a personal political machine through the appointment of the state's inheritance tax appraisers—who can make $20,000 a year for a small amount of part time work, and who therefore stay loyal. Cranston has 150 appraisers well placed throughout the state, and he can reasonably rely on $3,000 to $5,000 from each of them whenever he undertakes a new campaign.

As CDC president, Cranston led a dialogue on principles which now seem to burn his tongue. His eloquent pleas for disarmament and arguments against nuclear testing all took place before his election in 1958. As a candidate for the Senate, he was asked his opinion of the House Committee on Un-American Activities (the abolition of HUAC has always been a CDC banner issue, and Cranston waved it as high as anyone), and replied only that it wasn't an issue in the Senate race; asked immediately about the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, he answered lamely that he had never studied its activities. At a 1964 meet-the-candidate party, held not for the general public but for sophisticated semi-pros, he insisted that he would not discuss Vietnam because "It's too complex a subject; I'll have to study it after I'm in the Senate."

As early as 1961 erstwhile civil rights activist Cranston was refusing to take a position on the Rumford Fair Housing Act, and he was silent on capital punishment (which he opposed during the argument over Caryl Chessman in 1960), as he has been silent on the subject ever since. In fact, all one now hears on issues from Stevensonian Alan Cranston are well publicized and generally irrelevant beatings on the tired horse of the John Birch Society. Change its name to the Communist party, and for Alan Cranston read J. Edgar Hoover.

While his principles dictated open and free debate in reaching a decision on party nominees, Alan Cranston learned that if you want to win, you sometimes have to play dirty. In 1964 some Cranston supporters used a ploy straight out of a daytime television serial to force California's popular Attorney General Stanley Mosk out of the race for the Democratic senatorial nomination. The late Police Chief William Parker of Los Angeles—never a friend of Mosk—reached into his extensive files and supplied private detectives with personally embarrassing material on Mosk. The material was given to the governor, already a staunch Cranston supporter, who was able to use it to convince Mosk's backers that they had better withdraw their support for "the good of the party." Rather than publicly fight an unprincipled, despicable attack, Mosk withdrew—but in a manner that backfired on Cranston.

Mosk was in Washington the next week visiting Attorney General Robert Kennedy. Pierre Salinger, the cigar-clenching White House press secretary, happened to be sitting in Kennedy's office. Kennedy asked Mosk, "What do you think about Pierre running instead of you?" Mosk said he was agreeable. So most of his supporters got behind Salinger, and the portly publicity man made a last minute entrance into the campaign—carrying enough of the Kennedy magic with him to defeat Cranston in the primary election. But the Mosk hanky panky, along with Salinger's jet set carpetbagging, left the party disillusioned and split, and as Johnson trounced Goldwater in California, Republican George Murphy, the movie actor, tapdanced into the Senate over Salinger.

CRANSTON, IN FACT, CAN BE CAST as the Henny Penny of California's liberal Democrats, so adept is he at bringing disaster on himself and the Democratic party. Wildest of his disastrous capers was his selection of a 57-year-old Oklahoman

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named Simon Casady as the "safe" candidate to head the California Democratic Council in 1965. Front-runner Gerald Hill, a San Francisco attorney, had opposed Cranston's Senate bid the year before, and besides, the caciques in Sacramento thought Hill a touch too independent.

Cranston plucked Casady out of El Cajon—not exactly a poverty stricken town in San Diego County where Casady until recently had published a Democratic newspaper. Casady's activities in CDC until then had been minimal. The deal was clinched with a phone conversation between Casady and the governor himself who was golfing in Palm Springs at the time. Casady was elected over Hill, despite grass roots opposition to an "establishment candidate," with the help of all the pressure that a governor and a controller can bring on a hallful of actively political Democrats.

The same convention passed a strongly worded resolution opposing the President's course in Vietnam, but nobody paid much attention. The CDC was typically getting into wild convention hassles over principled resolutions, and then letting the resolutions collect dust until the next convention.

Later, under criticism, Casady was to say, "I would never have accepted this job if I had known that resolutions were intended as mere window-dressing to cloak a tacit support for the President's war policies." Either Casady was as sly as Lord Darnley or as naive as Hansel and Gretel—or both—but in any case he took the resolution seriously and went off up and down the state, flying his own plane to speaking engagements before Rotary Clubs, women's groups and streetcorner penny-pitching contests, blasting the war in Vietnam as immoral, illegal, unjustified and unwise.

Following a banquet in San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel, Casady, standing in the corner of a room covered wall to wall with one of designer Dorothy Draper's dizzying red and black rugs, was approached by the governor who pumped his hand in a campaign shake. "I understand you're doing a great job, Si, but I think you ought to soft-pedal that Vietnam business a little." Then it was Alan Cranston's turn. He pulled his protege aside at a CDC meeting and said there were "other issues" to speak on besides Vietnam. "It might be a good idea if you stuck to state issues, Si—like smog. Or saving the redwoods."

Casady came jarringly to the realization that liberals like the governor and Cranston are not leaders—but political accountants. They weigh the balance sheet before they act. They are devoid of deep commitment to anything, except staying in office, and feel real responsibility to no community of opinion. Even the question of the ghetto boiled down to a political accounting—"the white backlash." Casady's predecessor as CDC president, aerospace engineer Tom Carvey, had enjoyed lunching with the governor and didn't want the CDC to rock the party's smooth sailing boat over issues. Casady, after a few months in office, could no longer digest a lunch with the governor; he continued to make waves.

The war escalated in early summer of 1965, and so did Casady. He flew up and down the state, expressing his misgivings about the war with candor (at one point he called the President a "cowboy who shoots from the hip, and not a very good cowboy at that"), and reiterating what was becoming a sore point in Washington—that the volunteer organization of the California Democratic Party was on record against its President's war. Everywhere Casady went—from La Jolla to Berkeley—controversy ensued. Ordinary people were debating public policy—which is what democracy is supposed to be all about. But the Democratic party leadership found that sort of democracy untenable.

PAT BROWN was on the phone again. "Incidently, Si, I've been back in Washington and the President is very disturbed about what you've been saying about Vietnam."

Casady said he was sorry to hear that.

The governor said he was planning to send a California group to Washington for a briefing on Vietnam and suggested Casady might like to go along. "If you come back and still have the same opinions, well, that's fine, too," the governor said.

Accompanying him to Washington was Harvey Furgatch, the CDC finance chairman. Roy Greenaway, pro-Administration CDC vice-president, went along to watch. The briefing officer assigned to the CDC contingent was Chester Cooper, a pipe-smoking White House staffer who identified himself as an expert on Asia.

"He began by explaining that he was just as liberal as any of us—he wanted that clearly understood," Casady said. "On the other hand, he was 'not going to stand by and see the doors slammed in our face in one country after another by letting fraudulent elections be held that would not really represent the people.'

"As a liberal he said he did not like killing people in Vietnam, but he said you had to or the country would go communist." Casady remembers part of Cooper's briefing by heart: " 'What is it we want in Vietnam?' Cooper rhetorically asked, 'Any bases?—hell, no. Any special trading privileges?—hell, no. Their rubber?—hell, no. What we want there is what we want everywhere. It's a sort of eggheaded thing and it makes me embarrassed to say so, but we want *access*—for people, for ideas, for books. That's what we want. My credentials as an old fashioned liberal are as good as anybody's. But I don't

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want to see the white world which we've built up since the Reformation besieged by the rest of the world in the next 10 or 20 years.' " An economy-minded person, Casady was furious that he had spent the air fare to Washington.

It was in Petaluma, a chicken-farming community about an hour's drive north of San Francisco, that Casady really did it. During a question period, after a speech, a man rose and blasted Casady for talking so much about Vietnam. The real priority issue, the man said, was the governor's re-election. Casady agreed that re-electing the governor was indeed important. But, he said, "Governors come and governors go. . . ."

The next day the governor's office was calling again.

"Hello, Si?"

"Hello, Governor."

"How are you, Si?"

"Fine, how are you?"

"Fine, did you get my letter?"

"No. What letter?"

"I asked you to resign as president of CDC."

"Oh. What's the problem?"

"Golly gee, Si, I just don't think you should be saying the things you're saying about Vietnam, criticizing the President and criticizing me, while you're still president of the CDC. You have a right to your own opinion. But you occupy an official position within the party, just like I do. We can't always say the things we feel like saying."

"Well, this is a complete surprise, Governor. I'll have to wait to read your letter and think about this."

"And Si?"

"Yes, Governor."

"I hope this won't interfere with our friendship, Si."

Casady, of course, didn't resign. The CDC, he said with elemental logic, elected him, and the CDC would have to throw him out.

THE CDC DID throw him out—but it took every resource that Brown and Cranston could muster, pressure on every ounce of fat that CDC had accumulated during eight years of being tied to the ins instead of the outs. More thought was put into defeating Casady than has gone, so far, into defeating Ronald Reagan: after all, a right winger is one thing, but a maverick liberal who goes around talking about what liberals are supposed to believe is worse than merely a threat. He's a personal embarrassment.

On a vote of confidence at the 1966 convention in Bakersfield last February, Casady lost by 1001 to 859, while Brown and cynical party technician Don Bradley knelt in vigil at a nearby hotel. The vote was hardly a surprise, if you know how it's done.

First, poll the representatives of California's key war and space industries on the CDC board of directors. Then check the number of state appointees (or their spouses) in the CDC hierarchy—people who stand to lose their jobs if the administration gets unhappy with them. One director's husband is a general contractor who does a lot of freeway work. Another is connected to state government through a law partnership; a third, through a relative with a high state job. And there are all those inheritance tax appraisers.

Third, there are the traditional pressures of promise and threat. One woman director from southern California was told outright that her husband's prospects for a judgeship, previously considered certain, were out the window if she voted for Casady (she talked briefly with her husband, walked into the next board meeting with a broad grin and the brief comment, "To hell with the judgeship"). A bay area director, employed in a minor capacity on a government contract, got a direct call from Alan Cranston on the job, was asked to vote against Casady, refused, and was immediately asked by the controller, "Listen—do you like your job?"

Finally, there are the simple mechanics of politics. After 13 years, there are plenty of CDCers who know the details of how to handle a convention—but Casady, relying on his vision of the basic liberalism of CDC, refused to rely on the three by five card, delegate by delegate mechanics of mustering each vote. The anti-Casady forces had no such scruples. At a CDC convention, there is one delegate for every 20 members of CDC—provided only that some club submits a list of members and enough dues are paid. Since the dues are only $2, a vote in effect, costs $40; any number can play. The tricks are two: get a lot of clubs, real or imaginary, and choose the right delegates (the Brown-Cranston forces were careful to stack the credentials committee).

Brown's campaign today is listless, defeatist, unimaginative—partly in contrast to the energy, vitality and excitement generated by the Reagan camp. But partly, also, because Si Casady held up a mirror that left an indelible, disgusting image for the issues oriented activists in the party to see. They could no longer kid themselves about "participatory democracy," or rationalize "going along" with the party leadership in hopes of influencing principled stands "from the inside."

The crushing of Simon Casady made that clear. It was, really, a very witless thing for Pat Brown to have done. He shattered, beyond repair, the illusion of the most devoted party workers that their efforts counted for something nobler than political opportunism. And in a tough campaign, lack of grass roots motivation spells disaster.

Not only are Pat Brown's hands bloody from the slaughter of Simon Casady, but he and his ambassador to

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the amateur Democrats, Alan Cranston, have slaughtered their only real base of support in the Democratic party, abandoned whatever pretensions they may have had to responsible leadership, and created out of the oxygen deficiency of their own positions a light headed hallucination to haunt their every dream: Ronald Reagan.

[III. The Creation of Ronald Reagan]

IN THE SPRING of 1966, the Democratic party helped push Ronald Reagan over the next to last hurdle on his race to the governor's chair. Pat Brown and his chief political strategists decided, on the basis of a private poll, that Ronald Reagan would be easier to beat in November than moderate Republican George Christopher.

The decision was to sink George Christopher, which the Democrats had tried before, during Christopher's San Francisco mayoral campaign in 1959. Then, they arranged to have the Mattachine Society pass a resolution praising Christopher for his enlightened treatment of homosexuals in San Francisco and then launched a mud-slinging campaign to brand Christopher as "soft on homosexuals." (Christopher is squarer than Billy Graham and as likely to be soft on deviants as Harry Truman.)

This time, the Democratic strategists were even more determined to dump Christopher. They reached far into the past, and fed to columnist Drew Pearson the tired, 20-year-old story of Christopher's technical arrest for violating state milk regulations (he owns a dairy). The "news break" unquestionably helped Reagan defeat Christopher. Today Christopher, still rankled, refuses to endorse his old friend Pat Brown, despite the fact that he regards Reagan as a menace.

The Democrats are now sorry about all this, but being sorry doesn't alter the fact that they themselves helped create the Reagan threat which they now try to use to frighten disenchanted liberals into supporting Pat Brown.

The fear tactics sometimes get desperate: Brown headquarters will be glad to tell you that the notorious racist and Jew-baiter, Gerald L. K. Smith, is a contributor to the Reagan campaign. But from Reagan's campaign manager there is not only an impassioned denial, but flat iteration that any contribution offered by Smith would be immediately refused by Reagan's people because they are not that naive. Veteran staffers at Democratic headquarters shrug off the denial: "Somebody around here probably sent a check over to Reagan, signed G. L. K. Smith. So what?"

Running against the right wing is nothing new for Brown; in fact, this marathon is partly responsible for his reputation as a liberal, and makes up, to some extent, for his lack of personal dynamism. It's the tactic he used in 1958 against William Knowland and in 1962 against Nixon. Brown really needs the right wing menace; it is all he has left to recapture some of the old fire.

He and his fellow liberals don't feel comfortable defending the university against Birchite attacks; but they are in their element tearing out at the Birchers. This year Alan Cranston issued a white paper on the John Birch Society, reiterating the same, tired cliches that have been the mainstay of Democratic campaigns in the state since the phrase was coined about "little old ladies in tennis shoes." It was exciting, once. But that was a long time ago.

There is another, far more serious sense in which the Democratic party in California has been the real creator of Ronald Reagan. Reagan's appeal is based largely on the issues the Brown administration has given to him, the issues Brown has refused to face.

The enthusiastic support for Brown lasted perhaps a year; the beginnings of his administration, unmarred by crisis, were conventionally progressive enough. Disillusion came in 1960, when Brown was confronted all at once with the California Water Plan and the Chessman case. Then began the alienation of both the politically sophisticated and the great number of innocents who simply expected Pat Brown to do the right thing.

California conservatism thrives on Pat Brown's retreats on the issues—which are more than personal failures of leadership. They are case studies in the failure of the liberal nerve.

[THE FAILURE OF THE LIBERAL NERVE—I]
The Water Plan Case

THE AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY in California ranks as one of the largest sources of income in the state. It is commonly thought that farming is an antiquated and somewhat romantic family affair. But in California, agriculture is big business.

In 1965, the cash income from agriculture reached the impressive figure of 3.75 billion dollars. California's agricultural wealth is entrenched and it is old; it has been a major power in the affairs of the state down through the years. And it is equally true that the profits to be gained from huge agricultural holdings have been dependent upon political favoritism.

The bulk of this wealth belongs to a dozen or so large landholders, who own hundreds of thousands of acres a piece: Kern County Land, Standard Oil, DiGiorgio, the Southern Pacific Railroad, the Chandler family of Los Angeles. They, and the related banking, shipping and mining interests, are the Millsian power elite of California and have been for several generations (the holdings of

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Southern Pacific and Kern County Land date from the Grant Administration). Economically, California is more like a Latin American country than an eastern or midwestern state, and it desperately needs an Alliance for Progress.

In addition to their vastly productive agricultural land holdings, the giant corporations own thousands of acres of arid land, or land uneconomically irrigated from local wells, or put to other than agricultural use. Much of it is on the western side of the San Joaquin Valley near its southern end. In 1960 the land was worth about $100 an acre. Anyone who has seen a western where they shoot it out over who gets the creek knows that irrigated this land would be worth much more—in this case an estimated $900 an acre more.

Since the early 1930's the Federal Bureau of Reclamation has been attempting to create a water plan for California. The large growers have consistently fought it. They want the water all right, but not with the federal law that goes with it: a provision limiting the individual landholder to only enough water to irrigate 320 acres. If you own 320,000 acres this can be severely binding.

The inventive growers have tried to beat this acreage limitation in a number of ways. Under conservative Earl Warren and very conservative Goodwin Knight, they failed. Under liberal Pat Brown, they succeeded, and it took only two years.

The solution to the growers' quandary lay in the astronomically expensive California Water Plan, which will take water from the confluence of the state's two major rivers, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, plus some more from the Feather a little further north, and flush it down to the large landholdings of the southern San Joaquin Valley. In addition the plan calls for water removal over or through the Tehachapi Mountains to the southern cities. The plan ignores the genuine water surplus areas of the northern coast. A careful public relations campaign called the plan a Robin Hood thing, "taking water from the north and giving it to the south." Los Angeles and San Diego have over 60 per cent of the state's votes, so the whopping $1.75 billion bond issue easily passed in the 1960 elections.

Pat Brown was fully aware that the plan meant additional billions for the state's richest men, yet, over the opposition of all of organized labor and virtually every liberal group in California, he pushed it through the legislature, trumpeting in Churchillian rhetoric its vision and grandeur. The federal government could have done it cheaper, used *genuine* surplus water, provided more water for the cities of the south, avoided the fantastic enrichment of the already incredibly rich—and the California voter would never have been stuck with the largest state bond issue in history.

Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois called it the greatest water steal of the century. Pat Brown called it a major triumph of his administration.

Nobody wants to lose faith in a dream, least of all the inhabitants of the dream-come-true state, so there were still many slightly shaken liberals in 1960 who echoed Brown's fatuous remark that: "It's better to have problems and water than problems and no water." Brown was not the first liberal to give in to the big land owners, the real power in California. At least, this time, there was more on the line than simply trading principles for votes.

Such was not the case with Caryl Chessman.

[THE FAILURE OF THE LIBERAL NERVE—II]

The Chessman Case

THERE WAS A JOKE at San Quentin that Caryl Chessman walked in and out of the gas chamber so many times that they had to re-pave death row. It was not a very funny joke, but then prisons are not noted for their humor. The story is an acute commentary on how Pat Brown faced the first nerve crisis of his administration: vacillating.

Chessman was a thief, a robber, a punk, and a possible rapist and buggerer. He was also something of a genius, and managed to parlay a newly gained knowledge of the law into a 12-year stay of execution for a couple of lurid sex crimes he steadily denied having committed. There were abundant technical errors in Chessman's transcript, as there were honest questions about his guilt. There was also the consideration that perhaps, since he had not killed anybody, had written three brilliant books while on death row and become something of a penal philosopher, he had rehabilitated himself. But these were details. It was a simple humanitarian consideration that made Chessman's case into an international *cause célèbre*. After 12 years of dangling like a yo-yo in front of the little green room, people felt the poor bastard had gone through enough and should be let loose. As Brown came into office the world wide clamor for clemency toward Chessman swelled—but it was a sentiment not largely shared by the California citizens. To them, Chessman was a rapist who was succeeding in cheating the law.

For Brown, who was on record against capital punishment, it was a classic opportunity for education—and leadership. But he couldn't make up his mind.

On the eve of the day that Chessman finally died, Brown sat in his Sacramento office, still trying to make up his mind. He was flanked by his hardnosed advisors: Assemblyman Jesse Unruh; his unclement clemency secretary, Cecil Poole, and Hale Champion, a former San Francisco Chronicle reporter who by some freak of logic has be-

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come Brown's finance director. Chessman, said Poole, had to die in the morning; the public would not tolerate another delay.

Pressing for clemency was a delegation of liberal celebrities—Steve Allen, Shirley MacLaine, Marlon Brando, the late author Eugene ("Bud") Burdick and UC history professor Richard Drinnon. They argued logic, and got politics in return. They argued humanity, and got from Poole a pious, puritanical defense of capital punishment.

In desperation, Brando raised a new ploy.

"Look, Governor," he said. "We're planning to film the Caryl Chessman story. What you decide tonight will have a lot to do with how you'll be portrayed."

The governor of California stared up from behind his massive desk.

"Golly gee, Marlon," he said, "you don't understand. Your movie couldn't be out for a year. The Los Angeles papers are crucifying me right now."

The next morning at a few minutes after ten, while a final guard of shivering pickets stood in vigil outside San Quentin Prison, Caryl Chessman took two minutes and 40 seconds to die in the gas chamber.

Many of Pat Brown's close friends consider the Chessman case a turning point—not only for Brown's idealistic supporters, but for the governor himself. It was the first hard, realistic choice between Brown's professed humanitarian liberalism and the cheap and transitory demands of an angry, uninformed electorate. Brown chose at that time to follow the mob rather than lead the people.

[THE FAILURE OF THE LIBERAL NERVE—III]

The Berkeley Case

PROBABLY PAT BROWN'S biggest personal boost to Ronald Reagan took place at two o'clock in the morning on December 3, 1964. Brown was sitting coatless on a bed in a Los Angeles hotel room, listening to a 500-mile telephone call from an assistant to Frank Coakley, the Neanderthal district attorney of Alameda County.

Eight hundred university students, the day before, had walked into Sproul Hall (the Berkeley campus administration building), sat down on the floor, and announced that they wouldn't leave until a dispute was settled with the administration over rules governing campus political activity. (This passive sit-in, incidentally, has metamorphosed in most of America's press into "the Berkeley riots".)

There are few traditions in fast-moving California which are any more permanent than the latest freeway design, but one, held over from somewhere around the middle ages, is that the University of California is a sanctuary. The university has its own police force, and outside cops are rarely allowed onto campus.

Thus that night, after days of tension over the student free speech protest, tension heightened by an intransigent university administration, several landing barges worth of Oakland's stormtrooper police, positioned outside the University gates by rock-em, sock-em District Attorney Coakley, waited for the word to go in and bust all that garbage in Sproul Hall.

For hours, the D.A.'s office had urged Brown to unleash the cops. And for hours President Kerr of the University, argued vehemently over the long distance phone against it. He had enough problems already, he told the governor, without letting the Oakland cops play gangbusters with his students.

Finally, in the early morning hours, a campus policeman peeked into the office window of president emeritus Robert Gordon Sproul and spied what he regarded as disorder. He rushed to the assistant district attorney, who got back on the phone to Brown: "They're busting up the place," he said excitedly. "We have to go in."

A member of Brown's personal staff was on the scene in Berkeley, but the governor made no attempt to phone and check the report. Over the continuing protests of Kerr, Brown gave the order: Send in the cops.

Nightsticks at the ready, the cops poured in and dragged, prodded and threw the demonstrators out of Sproul Hall and into the paddy wagons. A radio reporter, stationed inside the hall with the demonstrators, a tape recorder over his shoulder, reported the scene with shock clearly audible in his voice. "I've just seen—I—I've never seen policemen act like this," he cried.

The next day, President Sproul's secretary said of his untouched office, "Oh, my goodness. But we *always* leave the office looking like that."

Conceived as a measure of political realism, the unleashing of the vicious Oakland cops may have been Pat Brown's biggest political blunder. The governor solidified the support of Berkeley students for the anti-administration movement, and he handed to Ronald Reagan a new political tactic—Berkeleybaiting.

In creating the "Berkeley" issue for Reagan, Brown had help from others in his party. State Senator Hugh Burns, an ex-undertaker from Fresno, is president pro tem of the Senate and honorary chairman of Brown's re-election campaign. He is also a know-nothing and a yahoo. As chairman of the Senate's Fact-Finding Committee on Un-American Activities, Burns maintains committee traditions from its McCarthyite days. Burns' difference is one of style: no public hearings, no subpoenas, no badgering of witnesses. But the committee still issues an annual report, as McCarthyite as ever, filled with irrelevancies, gossip and tedious lists of names and addresses.

Since the Free Speech Movement of 1964, the Burns

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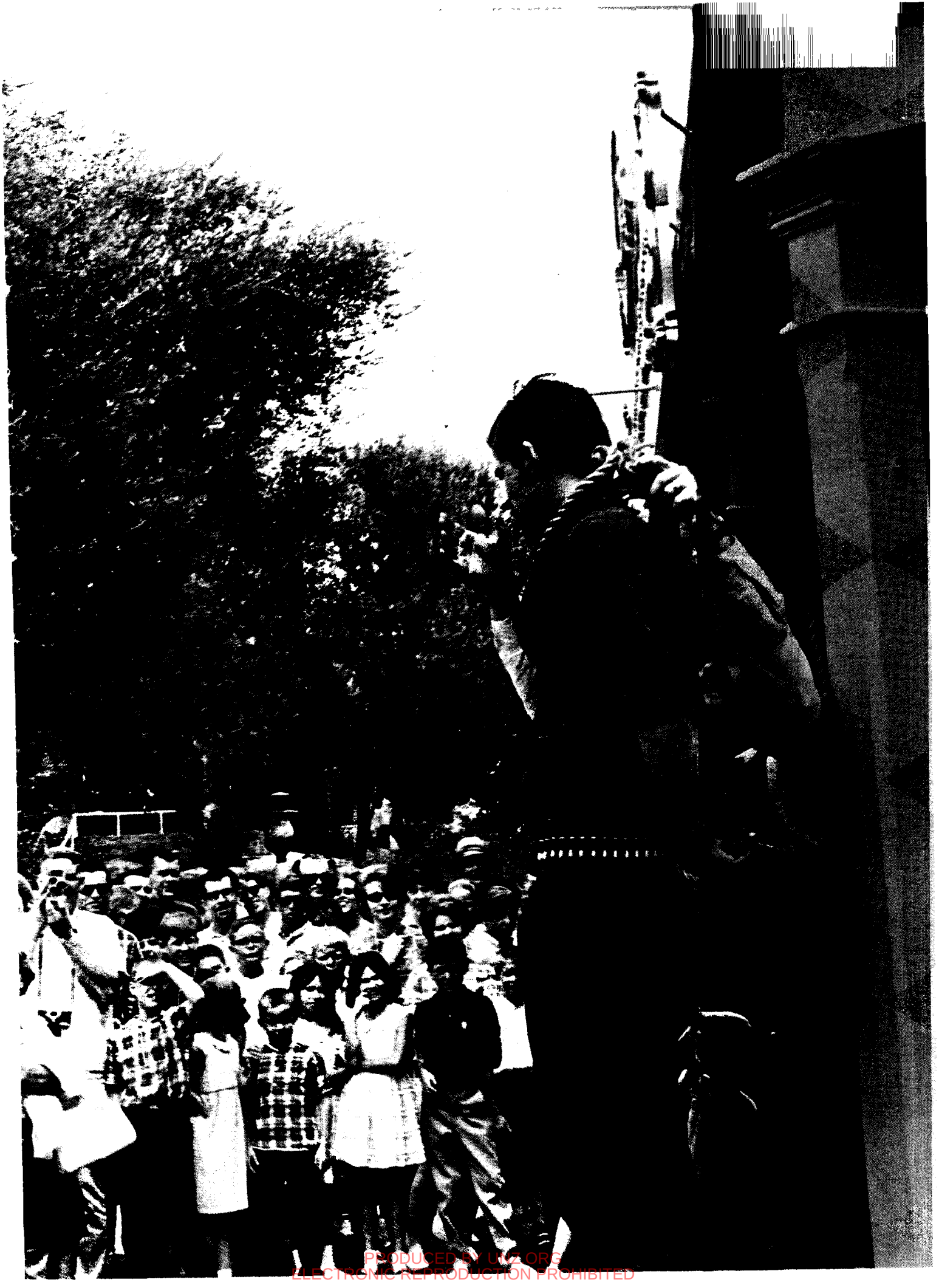

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Committee report has devoted virtually all its attention to the university, supplying ammunition to right wingers by giving official coloration to charges that student disorders are virtually all traceable to communist agitation. It was a Burns report too, that gave credence to the phantom spectre of sex at the university by picking up a very funny charge by District Attorney Coakley that a dance given by the Vietnam Day Committee was a "sex orgy." Capital reporters note with irony that Hugh Burns himself used to be known as "the Jolly Undertaker" during his early days in the assembly, a nickname he picked up as a result of his reputation as one of the capital's most socially rambunctious legislators.

Burns doesn't write his own reports and very possibly doesn't read them. The same material is cranked out for Burns annually by a Visalia lawyer named Dick Combs, among others, and the reports read as though their principal source material is a packet of yellowed clippings about the communist conspiracy. Combs should be paid by the Republican Central Committee. His hysterical reports remain just about the best position papers Reagan's campaign has had to date.

The Republicans owe Brown a little cumshaw, too. By invading the university, Brown said to Californians, in effect, that student demonstrators are the kind of people you send cops after; and by failing to exert his leadership as the head of his party in California and vigorously counter the irresponsible antics of Hugh Burns, Brown allows Californians—and other Americans—to regard Berkeley as a symbol of wild-eyed political irresponsibility and sexual license, instead of one of the great intellectual assets of America.

PAT BROWN IS IN HEADLONG FLIGHT from the promise of his 1958 campaign. Not even the most ardent and politically sophisticated of his remaining supporters will deny that any more. But there is, as there always is with political people, a rationale. In this case it's the Theory of Political Climates.

The political climate is bad, insist the Brown strategists. There's the "white backlash" and the war in Vietnam, and a politician fails to heed this climate only at the risk of annihilation.

The Theory of Political Climates might also be named the Dutton Theory, after glib, bespectacled Fred Dutton, in California after a sojourn in Washington as an assistant secretary of state and now determined "to bail out Pat." Dutton is a Bobby Kennedy liberal, formerly a Lyndon Johnson liberal, before that a Jack Kennedy liberal and before that Brown's campaign manager in 1958; he knows well the distance Brown has traveled backward since then.

Dutton explains it, both sounding and looking like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., by a theory of social change which portrays Reagan as a product of the conservative political climate that comes after every great period of liberal advance. Mature liberals, he says, will understand the need to ride out the storm with Pat until the next great liberal advance.

Neither Dutton nor any other strategist in the Brown camp ever suggests possible cause and effect relationship between eight years of Brown's administration and the "bad political climate" that prevails. But a political climate comes from somewhere: not from spontaneous outbreaks in Watts or Berkeley, but from what the politicians in power do about them. Brown's failures on the issues his supporters consider "marginal" (such as the FSM and the grape strike) are the failures that define the meaning of public events and set the tone for the public understanding of those events.

The California Water Plan—or, rather, the conflict that led to it—gave Brown an opportunity to lead and educate about the great disparities of wealth in the richest state in the nation; instead, he fed a mood which today allows Ronald Reagan to paint the Delano grape strikers as reckless malcontents. The Chessman case gave Brown the opportunity to tell California something about crime and injustice, about the social rot on which so imposing a system is built; instead, he fed the mood of fear and puritan retribution on which Reagan is now capitalizing. The FSM gave Brown the opportunity to discuss the social nature of a public university; instead, he fed a mood of suspicion and anti-intellectualism, played into the uneducated distrust of the different—and today Ronald Reagan is Berkeleybaiting his way to Sacramento.

Wherever Brown has confronted an issue, the pattern prevails. After noisy opposition in his first campaign, he gave way to the state's growers and asked Congress to extend the vicious bracero program. When the Delano grape strikers marched for weeks through the sweltering San Joaquin Valley, up Highway 99 to Sacramento, the governor ducked away to the plush Palm Springs home of Frank Sinatra for the weekend.

The final defense of those still devoted to Brown as the "lesser evil" is the state's generous welfare program, which has been under consistent attack by Reagan. Characteristically, Brown blew that one too. In August, he forced out of office his welfare director, John M. Wedemeyer, for insisting on enforcement of a law that Brown himself had proudly signed a year before and shopped around for a new conservative penny-pinching director.

It is a novelist's tragedy, deeper than Robert Penn Warren's study of Willie Stark—this crumbling of a well meaning, stick-figure liberal, set against the rococo background of garish California, in a line drawing depicting

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the sogginess of American liberalism. But in a more immediate sense, it is a political tragedy as well.

For Ronald Reagan has seized the initiative out of the vacuum that Pat Brown created—the vacuum that *is* the "political climate" which the Fred Duttons bemoan. Liberalism in California has become a tabulating machine for votes, a penny-arcade toy for testing popularity. Brown and his *aides de camp* have themselves destroyed any principled alternative to Reaganism.

[IV. Ronnie in Tomorrowland]

IT WAS A SCENE right out of . . . well, it was right out of an old Ronald Reagan movie. The handsome, good-guy candidate, dressed proletarian-style in a black sport jacket, baggy gray slacks and beat-up shoes, was walking ramrod proud down the dusty main street of the rural town. He had just delivered a speech on the "good things" about America ("Let's not always be saying what's bad about our country . . ."). On the podium with Reagan was a young man, his face scarred by a shrapnel wound: an eager-eyed, tight-lipped veteran of Vietnam, proudly wearing his G.I. uniform. A carefully placed California flag was cradled tenderly in his arms. The handsome candidate put his arm around the young G.I. who shoved the flag into the candidate's well-manicured hands and said: "You go get yourself some of those Berkeley Cong, Mr. Reagan."

Would you believe Lakeport, California, on July 29, 1966? Ronald Reagan, George Gipp to Pat O'Brien's Knute Rockne, second billing to any number of Hollywood heroes, was playing his first starring role: running for governor of California—and there wasn't a movie camera in sight.

There was, however, a director of sorts in Lakeport on that hot summer campaign day. Bill Roberts, senior partner in the ace southern California public relations firm of Spencer/Roberts, stood off in the shade like Burr Tillstrom and watched his puppet with genuine admiration.

"We're going to make Reagan the John Lindsay of California," one of Roberts' press aides said. "You wait."

Roberts' firm specializes in moderate Republicans (it ran Rockefeller's unsuccessful 1964 California presidential primary bid), so it is no doubt the proper choice as political art director of Reagan's right-tainted campaign. But whether Roberts can succeed in making a Lindsay of Reagan ("One good thing about Ronnie, he's used to memorizing his lines," a Spencer/Roberts man said) is, at this point in the campaign, academic. Reagan seems to be doing all right on his own.

Reagan's campaign has vitality and dedication, and so far it has stuck meticulously to principles which are carefully conservative, but certainly not "radical right." And just as he did in his whirlwind, smiling, handclasping tour of Lakeport, Ronnie is turning the voters on. California citizens, whatever their education or ideological persuasion, are genuinely anxious, if misguided, about Watts, about Berkeley, about Vietnam. Reagan speaks to them about Watts, Berkeley and Vietnam. He does not say what liberals want to hear, and his analyses are simplistic if not mesozoic, but he is saying *something*. Pat Brown, on the other hand, is saying nothing, except what a terrible right winger and inexperienced neo-fascist Ronald Reagan is.

MOUSTACHED MOVIE MAGNATE Jack Warner, returning from an extended trip to Europe, was asked what he thought of Ronald Reagan for governor.

"No," said Warner. "Jimmy Stewart for governor. Ronald Reagan for best friend."

Governor Reagan? The effect is not so much shock, or fear, as bewilderment. What kind of governor—*what would he do?* He has never administered anything; his "record" consists mostly of random statements typical of an intelligent but naive conservative who hasn't yet learned where it's at. As Ronald Reagan once told television viewers—that progress is the most important product of General Electric—so now Ronald Reagan is the most important product of Spencer/Roberts, and his inner qualities are almost irrelevant.

True, he is guilty of having said in 1963 that "there can be no moral justification for the progressive income tax," but that makes him a conservative crowd pleaser, not a fascist. True, he said in 1965 that "we ought to go into Vietnam and make it into one big parking lot and paint a stripe down the middle"—but what does it mean? And who wrote the line?

In the 1940's Reagan was active in Americans for Democratic Action and (like Alan Cranston) in the United World Federalists. In Helen Gahagan Douglas' 1950 Senatorial campaign—a campaign destroyed by Richard Nixon's redbaiting—a high-level strategy committee decided to leave Reagan's name off the letterhead because he was thought to be too far left. Now the public relations argument is between the Democrats—who want him seen as a smiling Adolf Hitler—and Spencer/Roberts, who insist on his moderation.

What can be known is that he is a product, as carefully processed and packaged as Lucky Filters. After his June victory over George Christopher, Reagan holed up for almost two months with his p.r. experts, defining the style of the campaign, outlining the issues, setting a timetable. During each week, a single issue to stress; during

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each appearance, a careful anticipation of questions, a careful rehearsal of answers. Appease the right when necessary, but play to the center—a tactic that goes back in California at least to Republican Frank Merriam's 1934 victory over novelist Upton Sinclair.

The mystery man of the far right in Reagan's campaign is finance director Henry Salvatori. He was the first major bankroller of Fred Schwarz' Christian Anti-communist Crusade. He brought into politics Loyd Wright, former president of the International Bar Association, who responded by calling for preventive war against Russia in a speech at Salvatori's patriotic Project Alert rally. Besides contributing to a number of less spectacular rightist causes, Salvatori established and funded a "chair of anti-communism" at the privately owned University of Southern California.

One high Republican official, who fought to keep Reagan from winning the primary, insists that Salvatori is not around the Reagan campaign just for his fund-raising abilities. "He's your next governor," this official said—and he means Salvatori, not Reagan. "I asked Salvatori once why he was supporting Reagan, and he said, 'I will tell him what to do. He will listen.' "

However, Fred Haffner, the northern California partner at Spencer/Roberts pooh-poohs Salvatori's influence. "We don't like left or right wing nuts in the party," he says. "The original Reagan people were pretty much the Goldwater group, but the base has broadened—there are one or two Nixon types, a Rockefeller type or two. Ronnie is a pretty flexible guy—he has conservative leanings; but he's not black and white on issues. We don't expect the lunatics to stay with him, and we don't care."

Any leading Democrat—Alan Cranston, for instance—will chronicle in tones of doom the inevitably disastrous consequences of a Reagan victory. "It will set the state back 25 years," says Cranston (forgetting that 25 years ago there was a progressive Democratic governor). The argument is that Reagan's rightism will be felt in judicial appointments, with an increase in the number of "hanging judges" appointed; in welfare administration, with money taken away from the aged, the jobless, and dependent children; on the Board of Regents, where the university will be turned over to intellectual stormtroopers.

Reagan denies it. He is making an issue of welfare, he says, but not to take money away from mothers and children. "It is the problem of the able-bodied" that concerns him, and "the question of all the waste and red tape as the program is run now." About the Board of Regents he says, "I don't even know if I will have any appointments coming up [Regents serve for 16 years]. And in any case, I don't have any intention of starting political interference with the university."

Maybe so, maybe not, You can find Democrats who like to point to Reagan's criticism of Berkeley, where, he says, a small group of beatniks and malcontents are ruining one of California's great assets; a great university ought not be judged by its scholastic excellence alone—a university ought to build moral character. How does this reconcile with his easy statement about "no political interference with the university?"

And you can find Republicans who will remind you that whatever Reagan may want to be, he would be, unlike Brown, a governor on his way up. He would, at least, have re-election, and probably national politics, to think about—and the smashing defeat of Goldwater before him as an example. He couldn't get "too far out."

THE IDEOLOGICAL appeal of Reagan's campaign is basically escapist. His simplistic alternatives do appeal to the middle class denizens of the San Fernando Valley—but not because of the inherent racism that the Brown (and Reagan) strategists assume. For they are genuinely bored, these prosperous children of the New Deal. They may be part of the Pepsi generation—but they aren't swinging, despite Mustangs, ranch-style homes, expense accounts and spouses who may have preserved their figures but lost their spontaneity. They are restless because they can't control their environment.

Their social fantasies clash with the realities of Watts, their sense of United States power clashes with the reality of Vietnam. They don't even, really, have much of a say about McHale's Navy staying on television next season. And they are threatened by the grape striker who would change the economic base of society, the Berkeley kids who would have their free sex or free speech, the young demonstrator who would tell the President how to run the country—the people Reagan attacks.

The failure of Pat Brown's liberalism is its unwillingness to grow out of the New Deal, in the assumption that with welfare laws, labor legislation, and social security the job has been finished. It was the promise of liberalism in America to expand man's horizons, to create new potentialities in society by education and leadership. This is the promise that Pat Brown has failed to keep, and in the affluent uneasiness of California lies the "grass roots" of Ronald Reagan.

[V. Vultureland]

GOVERNOR BROWN was holding a loyalty oath party. The night was April 19, 1965, the setting a private parlor of the creaky, gingerbread governor's mansion in Sacramento. The mood was mellow—cigars, cognac, cointreau, follow-

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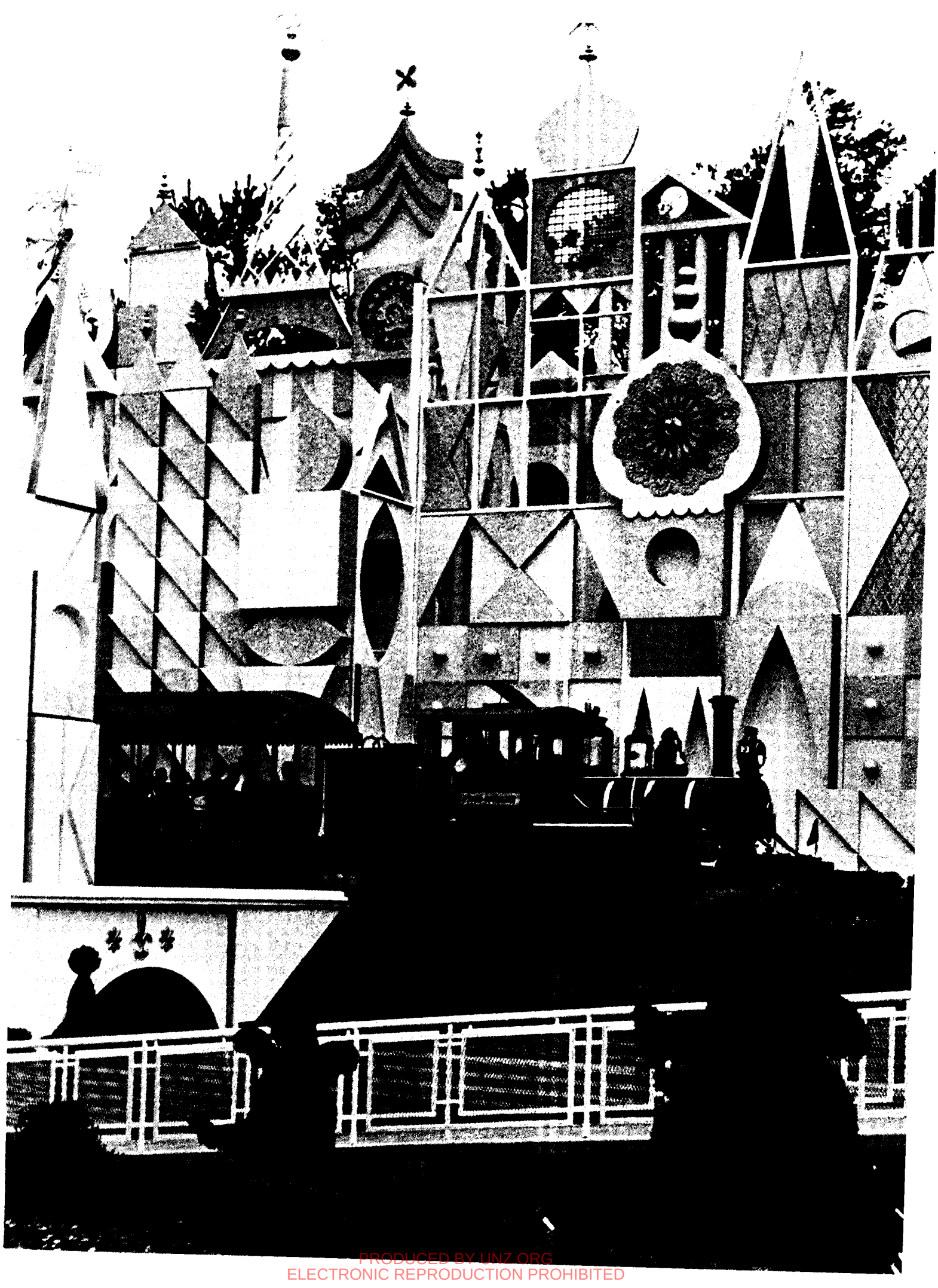

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ing a dinner of just rare enough filet of California steer. Nobody yet knew, officially, whether Pat Brown was going to stand for a third term.

Legs crossed, shiny black suit uncreased, tanned, ebullient, fresh from a few days of Palm Springs golfing with his friend, oil magnate Ed Pauley, the governor lit a cigar and said he would. Gathered about him in a semi-circle of over-stuffed chairs sat a quorum of the state's important Democrats. That is when Pat Brown said he would run—if everybody in the room supported him.

A Greek chorus of unbridled enthusiasm broke from the governor's dinner guests. Mrs. Brown, looking lovely beneath the wood-framed portraits of former governors, smiled a stately smile. Alan Cranston nodded vigorously. Even Jesse "Big Daddy" Unruh, the bulgy Lorenzo de' Medici of California and Brown's intra-party power rival, said he was all out for the "Gov." Even steel eyed, raven haired Carmen Warschaw, the party's vice chairman and Unruh's ally in state power politics, said she was all the way with Pat. It was a rare moment of unanimity in California's faction-ridden, blood-sucking, whorish Democratic politics.

There are two observations one should make about that exclusive gathering in the governor's mansion:

(1) that the very inner circle of people Pat Brown had gathered about him, to prepare for his great fight with Ronald Reagan, would be perfectly happy if he were to lose. They either hate him as a simple matter of chemistry (like Carmen Warschaw), or are waiting, patiently, to step over his remains (like Alan Cranston). They are vultures, all.

(2) that if these citizens represent the core of the Democratic party in California, it is a bad apple.

It is impossible to understand the posture of the Democratic party in this crucial gubernatorial race, without knowing something of the life and times of the king and queen of southern California's Democratic power bloc. Perhaps due to their physical proximity to Disneyland, they are known best by their goofy nicknames: Jesse "Big Daddy" Unruh and "Dragon Lady" Carmen Warschaw.

[VULTURE NO. 1]
"*Big Daddy*"

In 1958, candidate Pat Brown made Jesse Unruh, a relatively unknown assemblyman, his southern California campaign director at a $10,000 a year salary; the portly legislator proved to be something of a genius at raising money, an attribute which aided his swift rise up the legislative ladder. After the election he became chairman of the assembly ways and means committee, then succeeded easily to the speakership when Pat Brown appointed namesake Ralph Brown (no relation) to a judgeship.

It was some time before Brown discovered that Unruh had hung up his own shingle and turned the fund-raising process into a superhighway to personal power. It was too late to stop Jesse, and when Brown tried, the party split into Brown and Unruh factions.

Jesse's operations are simple. Lobbyists and other potential campaign contributors come to Unruh and ask him where to put their money. He tells them. Since Unruh appoints all committee chairmen, and committees are the real centers of power in the legislature, the lobbyists are happy to cooperate. Since Unruh influences the sources of campaign funds, legislators are happy to cooperate, too—or at least most are in no position to argue.

Not that all of Unruh's power is so crudely bought. He can command personal loyalty, sometimes devotion—and he rewards that too. His record as a liberal legislator is better than most. California's codes carry statutes officially titled the "Unruh Civil Rights Act" and the "Unruh Credit Purchase Act"—mild milestones of civil rights and consumer legislation.

Negro Assemblyman Mervyn Dymally, for instance, says, "You got to understand Jesse. He's still pretty good on the issues. He used to be damn good. And anyhow he's a damn sight better than Cranston and his wingies."

THE FORMER 265-POUND, cigar-chomping Unruh has lately become image conscious. He's lost a hundred pounds, changed his hair style, taken speech lessons. He lectures about politics on eastern campuses and draws enthusiastic responses.

Unruh's power is in direct proportion to his money, which comes in many digits and usually through a device called the annual Unruh Testimonial Dinner. Food is $100 a plate; dinner program ads cost $1000 a page. This year's affair at the Hollywood Palladium drew 2100 people; Unruh's take is estimated at $400,000—all of it perfectly out in the open. What could be more open than a full page ad?

Unruh's dinner guests include not only lobbyists, but industrialists, bank presidents, union leaders, even the presidents of universities. They all shell out their $100 in deference to Jesse, who remembers who doesn't come.

A reporter from the Riverside Press recently asked Unruh how he planned to spend the nearly half million dollars he raised at the dinner. With his usual bluntness, Unruh replied, "That's my business."

Unruh says he is all out for Pat Brown in 1966. But Unruh has twice presided over reapportionment of the California legislature, and if anything is certain in the miasmic politics of California, it is that no Reagan victory, however sweeping, will seriously diminish Democratic power in the legislature. The lines are too carefully drawn

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for that. Jesse will be back, perhaps struggling with Anderson and Cranston for the role of defender of the Democratic faith. He could use a little champion of the people touch; he's been Big Daddy too long.

[ASSORTED OTHERS]

THE VULTURES ALSO CIRCLE well to the left of Unruh. Gerald Hill, who after the Casady debacle turned out, ironically, to be CDC's president after all, now insists that the organization is backing Brown's re-election bid all the way. But Hill added an interesting comment.

"Actually, you know," he confessed, "CDC might be better off if Brown lost—not that anybody wants Reagan for governor, of course. But at least we could be ourselves again, take our own positions and exert our own force. We wouldn't be hung up on whatever the official party or the governor decides to do."

Lt. Gov. Glenn Anderson, for instance, can easily imagine a victory for Reagan and a loss for his own Republican opponent—leaving Anderson in the ironic and juicy position of being Reagan's second-in-command.

Rugged looking Tom Braden, president of the Board of Education and the closest thing to a California Bobby Kennedy, took a test run in this year's primary for lieutenant governor. If there is a total Democratic collapse at the polls, he sees himself as the liberal's candidate for rebuilding the party.

Probably the hungriest of all is Alan Cranston.

He can afford to be generous to Brown. In 1958, Brown lent Cranston a few experienced party pros to help him through his first tight campaign, and in 1964 Brown helped Cranston make up the deficit from his million dollar primary campaign for the Senate. Now Cranston—who will almost certainly survive in Sacramento, whatever may happen to Brown—can return the favor by converting some of the fat of his inheritance tax appraisers into help for Brown. If Brown wins, Cranston thus emerges as the most loyal Democrat of all.

If Brown loses, Cranston vies with Unruh, Braden and Anderson for the role of super-defender against the ravages of the right—his weapons, white papers on the John Birch Society. And with his appraisers, Cranston might win.

[VULTURE NO. II]

"*Dragon Lady*"

IF YOU WERE JESSE UNRUH, where would you have your office? In Savings and Loan magnate Bart Lytton's new skyscraper? The Beverly Hills Hotel? Watts?

No chance. You would have your office at 417 South Hill Street in smoggy, inconvenient, downtown Los Angeles. Also paying rent there are the State of California, the Federal Government, the Democratic State Central Committee, and several Cranston appraisers.

Politicians and other people concerned with power have an irresistible attraction to 417 South Hill. An owner colloquially known as the "Dragon Lady" gets her dividend checks addressed to the name of Carmen Harvey Warschaw.

The Dragon Lady's middle name stands for the Harvey Aluminum Company, a firm generally regarded as anti-labor, yet which has made millions out of war contracts. Harvey Aluminum is 70 per cent owned by Carmen, her father and brother. They are also the principals in the 417 South Hill property, and both the tenancy of the building and the aluminum company's defense contracts indicate a thorough inside knowledge of American politics.

Carmen was, until August, vice-president of the State Democratic Central Committee, but otherwise the Harveys have been non-partisan. Crammed into the small type of the Bobby Baker indictment is the account of how an attorney received ten $1000 bills from Harvey Aluminum for services never rendered. The $10,000 was turned over to Bobby Baker. During the Eisenhower Administration Harvey hired New York attorney Tom Dewey, once something of a political figure himself, to suggest successfully to the Administration that it buy 200,000 tons of aluminum from Harvey to top the already existing surplus of 750,000 tons in the national aluminum stockpile.

Carmen herself, however, is partisan. A rich, middle-aged, attractive woman with something less than a Betty Furness personality, she has made of California Democratic politics what she describes as a "hobby."

It is a hobby at which she has become most adept. Part of the price Pat Brown had to pay for Jesse Unruh's formal support, for instance, was his promise to support Jesse's friend Carmen for chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee. Now Carmen Warschaw would happily cut Pat Brown's political throat without a tremor of partisan remorse. Her opponent was Charles Warren, a Los Angeles labor lawyer completely loyal to Brown and a strong CDC supporter. (Carmen is also a thoroughgoing hawk on Vietnam and hates the CDC.) Brown, of course, supported Carmen Warschaw. Charles Warren was too pro-Brown to get Pat Brown's support. And, true to the logic of Democratic politics, working hardest for Carmen Warschaw's defeat were almost every one of Brown's rank and file campaign staffers—who knew that the Dragon Lady's contempt for Brown meant, if she were victorious, the jobs of most of them living off the official party payroll.

During the August meeting of the committee, which chose the new chairman, Carmen Warschaw displayed all

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her charm. At her cocktail party for committee members, she spotted Yvonne Braithwaite—a Negro woman nominated to an almost certain seat in the assembly from Los Angeles. She sailed across the room with all the poise that money can buy.

"Hello, there," she said, not wasting any time on congratulations for the lady's primary-election victory. "Are you for me?"

If there were humor in politics, Mrs. Warschaw could have done wonders with the straight line she got. "No, I'm not," Yvonne Braithwaite answered. "I'm for Mister Charlie."

But the Dragon Lady isn't big on humor anyway; her face froze. "Then what the hell are you doing at my party?" she demanded. "You better just get out of here."

She told a CDC director who is also on the committee that he ought to vote for her because they're both Jewish. She insisted, upon learning that CDC Secretary Joyce Fadem was in the room, on asking her to leave, too; someone got Mrs. Fadem—who herself says that she is staying in CDC "only until my husband gets his judgeship"—out of the room in time.

The Democratic regulars' better sense prevailed and attorney Warren won. But Brown's reluctant commitment to the "Dragon Lady" was another attempt to bring about by political mechanics the unity he has been unable to bring to the Democratic party by leadership.

[VULTURE NO. III]
"Fighting Sam"

JESSE UNRUH and Carmen Warschaw symbolize in a sense the growth of southern California and the impact of that growth on the state's politics. Like the jerry-built, spit and plaster apartment houses that rise in California amid more sedate and Victorian neighbors, their orientation is plainly toward the quick profit, the sudden power, the get-in-and-get-out philosophy of the medicine show pitchman. The totally frightening thing is that Unruh and Warschaw, together with Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty, are a dominant factor not only in Pat Brown's campaign—but in Democratic politics now—and on into the conceivable future.

If Pat Brown has demeaned himself by capitulating to southern Californians Unruh and Warschaw, he has positively groveled in his embrace of Sam Yorty, whose opportunism is as attuned to today's serious politics as a cigarette advertising campaign against cancer.

Yorty is a high-riding, dapper, redbaiting racist who, by playing the liberals' game of counting the votes first and worrying about positions later, has formed a sometimes alliance with Unruh, won massive popularity among anti-black whites in the nation's second largest city, and commanded with imperial insistence the homage of the liberals in power in Sacramento.

At one time last year, Unruh was asked whether he would support Yorty against Brown. "Not even I," Unruh grunted at the time, "could be that much of a son of a bitch." Even yahooing Hugh Burns, asked in 1964 what he thought Yorty might run for next, suggested the Mexican border. One can speak of "friends of Brown" or "friends of Reagan"; if there are "friends of Yorty," they stay well hidden.

"Regular" Democrats dislike Yorty not only on personal grounds but because he is a political maverick. He supported Richard Nixon for president in 1960. Since his election as mayor of Los Angeles he is a rumored candidate for everything in sight, but one particularly informative rumor—informative because in some circles it's being taken seriously—is that he may run in 1968 against Senator Thomas Kuchel, not as a Democrat but in the Republican primary.

At one time or another Yorty has been on your side, whatever it is. He came out of populist Nebraska (his father was a supporter of Bryan), and in his years as a state assemblyman from Los Angeles, in the mid-1930's, he was active in a loose coalition of liberals, radicals and Communists in southern California. In 1938, when the party joined with other radicals and with liberals in a recall move against corrupt mayor Frank Shaw, Yorty expected to be the candidate. When he lost out to Fletcher Bowron, he was heard to call it a "communist plot," and he soon became a vengeful redbaiter, working closely with the infamous Tenney Committee.

After an undistinguished stint as a Congressman, marked by continued redbaiting and the strong advocacy of superbombers, Yorty ran for mayor of Los Angeles in 1961 against incumbent Republican Norris Poulson. He campaigned on a promise to Negroes and Mexicans that he would get rid of racist police chief William Parker, and squeaked out a victory with the aid of heavy support from minority areas.

Once in office, however, Yorty became Parker's staunchest supporter, backing the controversial chief at every suggestion of mistreatment of Negroes. The Watts rebellion of 1965 gave him new political capital. Coming full circle, Yorty ignored charges of police brutality and attacked those in the ghetto who had earlier supported him in his election. He quickly traded in his remaining popularity in the Negro sections to ride the crest of the paranoid white backlash. He blamed the riots on "outside agitators," called Martin Luther King an "interloper," and insisted that charges of police brutality against his new friend Parker were part of "a world-wide campaign by communists, communist dupes and sympathizers."

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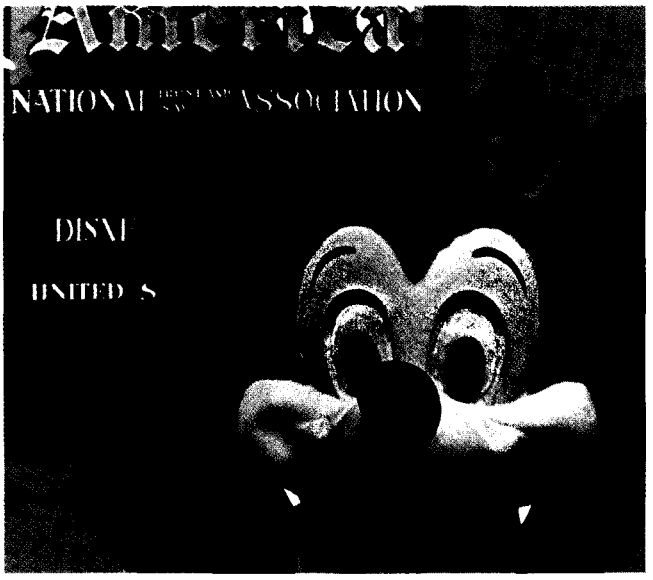

POOR PAT BROWN. He supports Carmen Warschaw, who detests him, and throws his arm around Sam Yorty, who represents the lowest in political opportunism. His desperation shows in every move—and he brought it all on himself.

There is, possibly, still time to reverse the pattern. Pat Brown *could* recapture the elusive quality of vitality, turn tragedy to victory. Even now, after Chessman, after Delano, after Berkeley, after Watts, he could turn the wheel, inspire support, arouse enthusiasm. All he needs to do is to meet the issues, head on, chuck out the appeasers of racism, the apostles of caution, the vultures, and apply to the real issues of the state, one by one, the meaning behind the rhetoric of liberalism. Not only the disenchanted radicals, but the still hopeful liberals are demanding that he do just that.

Will he? If he doesn't, it won't make much difference to California if Brown does or does not squeak through. The right will win in any case, because it has already won. Johnson swamped Goldwater only to emulate him; it is painfully clear that a close Brown victory will have much the same effect, if not so dramatically. And it is just as painfully clear that the triumph of the right is inevitable because liberalism—not just unfortunate, well meaning Pat Brown—has failed California.

The Kern County Land Company, the Bank of America, Standard Oil, Pacific Gas & Electric—they don't care who's governor—they never have, not since Culbert Olson. They and their fellows in the tiny tribe of gargantuas have demonstrated their ability to get what they want, by and large, from conservatives and liberals alike (and they hold most of those 16-year seats on the Board of Regents).

If anything, their power structure would be a moderating influence on a Reagan as governor—and their "influence" is considerable. Goodwin Knight, certainly an outspoken right winger when out of office, was governor for seven years without noticeably changing the pattern set by Earl Warren before him.

Those who have their "piece" of the state want no more riots in Watts, because such racial insurrection might spread beyond Watts, beyond even vast Los Angeles. They want no fanatics disturbing the sedate meetings of the Board of Regents—no brilliant Berkeley mathematics professors, however radical, run out of the state (taking atomic energy contracts with them.) They want no mass welfare cuts that may bring the peons of the San Joaquin Valley out of the fields and into the streets. The people who really control California want, at the most, stability, low taxes, cheap labor and free water. If Reagan means the extreme of what he says—they are against him (It was, after all, not liberals but conservatives who finally dumped McCarthy, because he had broken with the style of the system—he had simply gone too far).

The sit-in students who spent their summer in the San Francisco County Jail, had they been treated decently and with respect by Brown-appointed judges, were almost all sure Brown votes, and many of them were potentially precinct workers. Despite the presence of a highly publicized few, most were not radicals in any sense—until they were tried and sentenced.

Mention the Brown-Reagan election to them now and they look at you as if you had suggested a Doris Day Festival at the Berkeley Cinema Guild. When you're doing 30 or 60 or 90 days for reminding a society that it has failed to meet its obligations, can it matter whether a "rightist" or a "liberal" presides over that failure? When the results are the same, do the labels matter?

The San Francisco Chronicle, surveying the California primary election barnyard, used a phrase which describes the increasing polarization of American politics: "power on the right, militancy on the left, chaos in the middle." That's the story in California: the liberal center bringing chaos on itself—purging the Casadys, clobbering the students, killing the Chessmans—and then wondering why an increasingly disillusioned left won't help it to gain power.

A reporter recently asked Si Casady what he would do on election day. When Casady answered, he echoed the feelings of an increasingly large number of Democrats who feel that their causes—from civil rights to farm labor to the freedom of the university at Berkeley—have as little chance for survival in the Brown compromise machine as under the principled opposition of a Reagan administration.

"Well, I'm getting a little tired," Casady said. "I just might go fishing."

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OBITUARIES on LENNY BRUCE

by
Ralph J. Gleason
and
Paul Krassner

Photograph by Grover Sales

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by Ralph J. Gleason

WHEN THE BODY OF LEONARD SCHNEIDER—stage name Lenny Bruce—was found on the floor of his Hollywood hills home on August 3, the Los Angeles police immediately announced that the victim had died of an overdose of a narcotic, probably heroin.

The press and TV and radio of the nation—the mass media—immediately seized upon this statement and headlined it from coast to coast, never questioning the miracle of instant diagnosis by a layman.

The medical report the next day, however, admitted that the cause of death was unknown and the analysis "inconclusive." But, as is the way with the mass media, news grows old, and the truth never quite catches up. Lenny Bruce didn't die of an overdose of heroin. God alone knows what he did die of.

It is ritualistically fitting that he should be the victim, in the end, of distorted news, police malignment and the final irony—being buried with an orthodox Hebrew service, after years of satirizing organized religion. But first, in a sinister evocation of Orwell and Kafka and Greek tragedy, he had to be tortured, the record twisted, and the files rewritten until his death became a relief.

Lenny was called a "sick comic," though he insisted that it was society which was sick and not him. He was called a "dirty comic" though he never used a word you and I have not heard since our childhood. His tangles with the law over the use of these words and his arrests on narcotics charges were the only two things that the public really knew about him. Mass media saw to that.

When he was in Mission General Hospital in San Francisco, the hospital announced he had screamed such obscenities that the nurses refused to work in the room with him, so they taped his mouth shut with adhesive tape. The newspapers revelled in this and he was shown on TV, his mouth taped and his eyes rolling in protest, being wheeled into the examining room. Words that nurses never heard? What new phrases he must have invented that day, what priceless epiphanies lost to history now forever.

Once, in a particularly poignant discussion of obscenity on stage, Bruce said, "If the titty is pretty it's dirty, but not if it's bloody and maimed . . . that's why you never see atrocity photos at obscenity trials." He used to point out, too, that the people who watched the killing of the Genovese girl in Brooklyn and who didn't interfere or call a cop would have been quick to do both if it had been a couple making love. "A true definition of obscenity," he said, "would be to sing about pork outside a synagogue."

Bruce found infinity in the grain of sand of obscenity. From it he took off on the fabric which keeps all our lives together. "If something about the human body disgusts you," he said, "complain to the manufacturer." He was one of those who, in Hebbel's expression, "have disturbed the world's sleep." And he could not be forgiven.

A San Francisco rock 'n roll band, The Great Society, wrote a tune about him called "Father Bruce." It had a line in it, "The word to kill ain't dirty, but you use a word for lovin' and you end up doin' time."

How could it all make sense? Saying this was bad enough, but to insist on saying it out loud was unforgivable. "I've been accused of bad taste," Bruce said, "and I'll go down to my grave accused of it and always by the same people—the ones who eat in restaurants that reserve the right to refuse service to anyone."

As Shaw has pointed out, when you coat your criticism with humor and laughter in this society, you can get away with it; the ultimate joke is to tell the truth, while joking. But the trouble with Bruce, as with Chaplin before him, was that he stopped trying to make people laugh. And when society realized that, it turned against him. Lenny couldn't beat the system. Not really. Because it all fell into line automatically against him, once it was realized that he wasn't joking, that he really meant it.

He took on religion, too, that other hypocrisy, by hitting out at the religious leaders in his classic "Religions, Inc." There he named names, and because this is a country where the big city police forces are basically Catholic, he, a Jewish boy from New York, went too far when he took on the Pope: "Naw, it's okay," he'd sign off his make-believe phone conversation with the Vatican. "You're safe. Nobody knows you're Jewish."

Those were the laughs. But what Religions, Inc. really was all about was commercialized, big business religion and the failure of the religious leaders to do anything about integration. "They want us to *do* something, not just *say* things," he would scream in his role of complainant to the Pope and when the telephone would answer with "Dominus Vobiscum," Bruce would snarl, "That's easy for *you* to say, you're over *there*."

He stepped on the toes of religion so hard and so often that two priests who wanted to testify in his behalf in his Chicago trial were ordered—officially or unofficially, it doesn't really matter—not to do so. But they wrote him, and they were his fans.

It was all fair game, open season on everything. Total satire, the answer to total war and the monolithic state. Bruce dedicated his autobiography to Jimmy Hoffa, "a true Christian because he hired ex-convicts as, I assume, Christ would have." He talked about Lyndon Johnson having to rehearse for hours how to pronounce "Negro" on TV. "It's KNEE-GROW, Lyndon, come on try it again, KNEE-GROW."

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As he became more and more acidulous in his thrusts, the reactions came. Variety, which a week earlier had described a Lamb's Club Frolic as "great" but admitted it was "scatological," attacked Bruce as dirty. Columnists and critics from the era of Tin Pan Alley and Sophie Tucker came down on Bruce like the wrath of God. It became, literally, impossible for him to work anywhere outside the cities of New York, Chicago, Miami, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Bruce was arrested in Philadelphia for possession of narcotics. This was the clue and the press leaped in. The charges were eventually dropped, however, because of two fatal flaws. Bruce had prescriptions for the drugs from reputable doctors and hence was guilty of no crime, and he had been offered a deal by a city law enforcement official. Lenny announced the offer in full detail, including the price, on TV.

But it was enough to start the syndrome. He was obscene and he was a dope addict. The truth never caught up. He had said the forbidden words too often; he had committed a capital crime.

He was arrested in San Francisco within a matter of weeks. Then Chicago. The syndrome was in full swing. Lenny Bruce meant trouble with the law. When he returned to San Francisco after his trial and acquittal, there were squad cars around the night club like taxis, and the joint was packed with plainclothesmen on the public payroll monitoring the show.

They never arrested Bruce in San Francisco a second time, which is interesting, because he was acquitted there. And the San Francisco Chronicle and its critics supported his right to speak out. But they broke into his hotel room while he was on stage, looking vainly for drugs.

They arrested him at the airport in L.A.—again for drugs—and the judge threw the case out, since there was no evidence.

Then they nailed him. Bruce had, the arresting officer in Los Angeles said, thrown away a matchbox full of heroin, and he was jailed for possession.

Interestingly enough, the cop who arrested Bruce was himself under observation as a suspected narcotics dealer and is now in prison for smuggling drugs across the border. Bruce died before that point was ever truly argued in the courtroom of his appeal. He was originally convicted as an addict, but his appeal on that point was upheld and he was declared not an addict, no news to those close to Lenny, nor to those knowledgeable about drugs.

His New York arrest was Kafka-esque in its madness. In Los Angeles he was repeatedly yanked to the stationhouse and then released, a crude but effective method of stopping him. In New York he was judged guilty by people who never saw or heard his show. "They send a cop to hear my act and he makes notes and I get busted for somebody else's act!" Bruce complained.

So the last few years were spent in law courts. Most of his time was devoted to reading law, and he became one of the country's leading experts on obscenity law. He went broke hiring lawyers (he listed them all on his last album, "Lenny Bruce is Out Again") and paying for thousands of man-hours of investigation. But he couldn't work with lawyers; lawyers want to make an accommodation. Lenny Bruce didn't want an accommodation, he wanted vindication. And so he couldn't beat the system.

Although he had worked a little in Los Angeles in the winter of 1965-66, it was primarily in San Francisco that he was welcome. That was part of the contradiction, too. Bruce was a New Yorker by birth and by nature, and a Los Angeleno by choice. Like so many kids raised on the never-never land of the Saturday afternoon matinee, he went out to Hollywood and dreamed of success—in Hollywood's terms and with Hollywood's symbols. The house in the hills. The big car. The movies and studios. In time he saw through it, but he loved it still and so he stayed there.

In the end Los Angeles killed him. The city where he couldn't breathe killed him with the smog of its intellectual hypocrisy, its pious pretense. Its papers never reported his trials or arrests fairly or clearly. A columnist who privately agreed once that Bruce might have been framed on his narcotics conviction, and that the case might be broken open if the cop-turned-smuggler angle was publicized, admitted he couldn't lead the crusade, because his paper wouldn't let him. The word was out.

WAS LENNY LESS FUNNY at the end, choking in the intellectual smog of Los Angeles? Again, the paradox. He was and he wasn't. Sometimes he was achingly funny, and sometimes, deep in the search for some slender logical thread to prove a legal point, it was almost as if he forgot the audience. One night he mentioned his father's name and lost the point of the story he was telling. He finally insisted on going down to the basement to play back the tape he was making in order to find his place and return to reality.

He apologized to an audience another night for not being funny. "I'm not a comedian," he said. "I'm Lenny Bruce."

And so the symbol society, the silken draperies of the great lie, the smog, was too much for him. It killed him and gave back his body to the representatives of organized religion and he was buried. Religion reclaimed his body, the hypocrisy he fought won in the end (though he never denied the God, only the men), the earth was pushed

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over his grave by a tractor, and the rest is silence.

Except for the nagging feeling that it may be a very real Greek tragedy, in which the fantastic turns out to be true, and Lenny Bruce, Dirty Lenny the Junkie, is none of the things he was said to have been, but an innocent, looking at the world through a child's eyes, a wise child as they are all wise in this television age.

It's no wonder that the generation of Captain Kangaroo, Vietnam, Free Speech and Bob Dylan supported him more than he knew. College students in Minneapolis started a "Hands off Lenny Bruce" campaign with buttons and petitions years before the intellectuals got around to it. It is pitiful that in the end Bruce was the victim of his own perception of the gap between the generations. He felt he couldn't speak to the young because he was too old. He spoke to the wrong audience, the adults.

The weekend after Bruce died, Paul Simon, of Simon & Garfunkel, the folksingers, dedicated a song to Bruce in the huge arena at Forest Hills, Long Island. "He died from an overdose of hate and bigotry and an underdose of love and understanding," Simon said. Then he sang, "A Most Peculiar Man," a grim song of a lonely death. It made a fitting obituary.

But the best obituary—for me at least—is from a letter he wrote me once: "I've decided that I'm completely corrupt," Bruce wrote. "My whole act, my economic success, is wholly dependent upon the existence of segregation, violence, crime and other odious counterparts. If a Messiah should return and gamma-ray all the pestilence and leave the world pure, I would be standing in the breadline. The only thing that saves my sanity is that I would be standing directly in back of Jonas Salk and J. Edgar Hoover. Without polio the only identity Salk would have would be patches on his ass. And if the Mafia and the communists were to vanish, J. Edgar Hoover would be hung finding a new civil service gig."

by Paul Krassner

THERE IS A GIANT SCULPTURED LADY in a bathing suit doing a perpetual pirouette in front of the Montmartre Hotel on the Strip in Hollywood. Across the street is a giant rotating Bullwinkle. You go spiraling up the hill that begins there, drive past the ranch homes of movie stars and call girls (score cards provided by the gas station attendant), finally reaching what must be called a stone barricade rather than a wall, topped by barbed wire, with a huge gate that would bar access if it weren't always open.

Up a steep driveway, out of the car, walk past a one-way mirror which allows you to see *into* the house because they hadn't figured on moonlighting, ignore the layer of dust on the pool, turn left and you'll come face to face with the bathroom where Lenny Bruce's body was found. He had died, an official autopsy showed, from an overdose of police.

Flash back to the night of October 15, 1963. Same bathroom. Eleven p.m. I'm talking to Lenny while he's shaving. He hardly ever leaves the house, but tonight is going to be an exception. He's going to go to a party.

Suddenly we're interrupted by boisterous sounds coming from outside near the pool. It's the police.

Four officers of the law. Lenny knows two of them; one, in fact, with whom he is friendly, has testified in court against him. The other two are the loud ones.

Lenny says, "You're intruding on my property. I'll have to ask you to leave." No response. "Unless you have a search warrant."

One of the two noisy officers takes out his gun. "Here's my search warrant," he says. And he's correct. It does indeed serve that purpose.

For about half an hour, Lenny and the cops talk about the law—rules of evidence, illegal search and seizure, probable cause of arrest—it is a somewhat surrealistic conversation.

Then they leave.

It's been both exhilarating and depressing.

Lenny doesn't bother to go to the party. . . .

The law was often so inseparable from Lenny, that it had even been known to join his act. An eternal pair of vice squad officers, varying from town to town, but consistently dogging Lenny's footsteps to arrest him for obscenity wherever and whenever they could, stuck so close so often that they made up one of the few impromptu acts left in show business, the Lenny Bruce Trio.

The new comedy duo made it the hard way, from the bottom up. The boys started their career posing as beatniks in Greenwich Village coffee houses in order to entrap narcotics pushers. They learned the fine art of theatrical make-up as volunteer members of the local police department's transvestite squad. Then, a series of unnoticed one-night appearances in such improbable locales as Milwaukee. And finally, the big break, at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco. Despite initial stage fright—they actually waited outside the club, leaving Bruce to do a single (not arresting him until "approximately ten minutes after the show concluded," to quote from the official transcript of a mock trial which found the defendant not guilty)—the moonlighting funny men acquired strong confidence on the road, observing and absorbing Bruce's free-form style, and by the time the trio reached Chicago, the two

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tyros were able to stride onto the small stage at The Gate of Horn and deliver such wildly imaginative lines as "The show's over, lady" and "Your identification will be checked on the way out" with excellent posture marred only by poor timing and inadequate projection. Moreover, they missed their cue, forcing Bruce to ad lib to the audience: "Wake up, quick! Out the back way, the bricks move; It's Super-Jew!" Lenny Bruce never formally introduced his recently-acquired partners by name, but the fuzz is familiar.

LENNY DEALT not so much in humor as in communication. For example: "I was thinking this morning that I'd never slept over at a colored person's house. I've never had dinner in a Negro home. There's a big foreign country in my country that I know very little about. And more than that, when whites talk about riots, we really lose our perspective completely. A man from Mars could see what's really happening—convicts rioting in a corrupt prison."

Bruce also confessed that he was of Semitic background: "I *assume* I am Jewish. The Jews who think they are, are not. They are really switched babies. A Jew is one who is descended from the ancient tribe of Judea or one who is regarded as descending from a tribe, but you know what a Jew is—one who killed Our Lord. Yes; you didn't know that? They did it about 2000 years ago. There should be a statute of limitations for that crime, but it seems the Christians are going to make us pay for another deuce. I figure they blamed it on Roman soldiers so as to clear the air. Yes, I did it. My family. I found a note in the basement: 'We killed him'—signed, Morty. . . ."

Lenny sought for the consistency in others that he lacked himself. When he stayed at my home in New York, he turned the other way while my wife was nursing our baby. He was actually embarrassed!

His hotel rooms were always unbelievable messes—from his tape-recorded albatross to his piles of files on the law (sample folder: "Where the State's Case Gets Weak") —but when he lived in my house he swept the floor like a dutiful nephew.

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, I wrote Lenny Bruce's obituary in The Realist. It had been inspired by two other obituaries.

One was by Earl Richert for the Scripps-Howard Syndicate:

Herbert Hoover's death at this particular time—just two weeks before another national election—somehow seems but another of his many services to the American public he loved and believed in so much. It brings when it is much needed a national pause for reflection and contemplation on the life of a great American—a pause which can only enrich and encourage those who absorb, by newspaper or television, just a few of the facts concerning Mr. Hoover's five decades of dedicated public service. . . .

The other was by Safford Chamberlain in The Los Angeles Free Press. It was about Joe Maini, a jazz saxaphonist who died "from an accidental self-inflicted gunshot wound in the head." Joe was quoted as saying that with Lenny Bruce, "just going to the store for cigarettes was an experience."

And I realized then that Lenny was dead because he didn't go with you to the store any more. He stayed in his room and held court. Visitors would come and be treated to a 12-minute lecture on the law. Lenny's work was his life but he couldn't get any work because the police and the district attorneys had succeeded in scaring night club owners, so he might as well have been dead.

My allegory-in-the-form-of-an-obituary evoked inquiries from newspapers, magazines, wire services, foreign publications, radio and T.V.

"What's the meaning of it?" asked one reporter. "There's a lot of excitement at the city desk."

"That's the meaning of it," I replied.

Many individuals simply assumed they had missed the news in their daily papers. Some, upon learning the truth, resented my having caused them to waste an emotion.

A television producer who reads six newspapers a day assumed the story of his death must have been suppressed.

Lenny Bruce liked the idea himself.

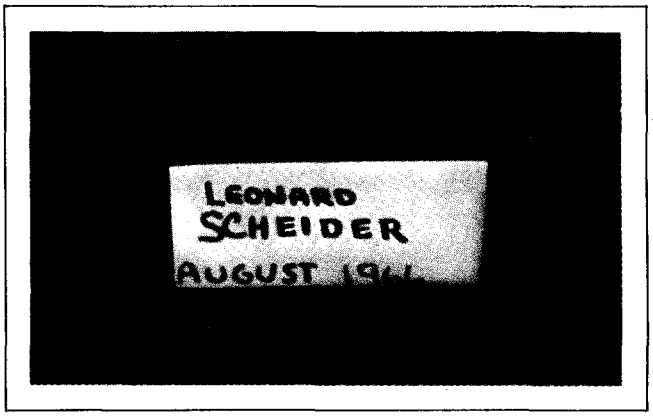
"This way," I said to him, "when you *really* die, my reaction will be pure; I won't have to think, on some level of consciousness, 'Oh, nuts, now I'll have to write an obituary.' "

"There's just one thing you're overlooking, Paul."

"What's that?"

"I may outlive you. . . ."

Super-Jew is dead. There is one great consolation. He has been absolved of killing Christ. The Beatles did it.



And they didn't even spell his name right!

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"Reagan for Governor? No; Jimmy Stewart for Governor, Ronnie for Best Friend." *Attributed to Jack L. Warner*

"Ronnie, come in here and leave that bookmobile alone!"

"Don't you see? once our National Guard gets rolling, we'll take Tijuana in three hours, Mexico City by the fifth day, and the Panama Canal will be *ours* by Christmas!"

"Ronnie, if you're going to be Governor, you've *got* to expect a little public criticism."

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"Sir, we found Pat Brown and threw him into the Pacific!"

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by Bob Abel & Dick Guindon

"Steppin' Fechit gave it to me for my civil rights work."

"Okay, maybe it *is* silly; but we're in Southern California, right? And when you're in Southern California, you gotta dress like Southern Californians, right?"

"Will you *please* stop whining; we'll get to the funnies!"

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How to talk to Mr. Ho

Ho Chi Minh has a long past as a negotiator. Twice, in 1946 and 1954, he succeeded in concluding political settlements with the West; and if these accords have not been more fruitful, it is in large part because the Communist negotiators have been tricked and cheated by the defenders of the "free world."

Whether Ho Chi Minh and the ruling group in Hanoi are prepared to negotiate a compromise settlement of the [continued]

by Jean Lacouture

Illustration by Dugald Stermer

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Vietnamese war is not clear. Indications from Hanoi are contradictory. But Hanoi is one of the principals in any negotiated settlement with the West. Its experience in two previous sorties to the conference table goes a long way toward explaining the Vietnamese wariness and mistrust of the Western powers. But these precedents are also a source of hope; people who have acted in the past with such prudence and political sense are capable, once again, of approaching the green felt table in a spirit of moderation.

[MR. HO AND THE FRENCHMEN: 1946]

August 1945, Ho Chi Minh returned from southern China with his men, and on September 2 proclaimed the independence of the Vietnamese Republic at Hanoi. His party, the Viet Minh (a popular front but Communist dominated), controlled what is now North Vietnam as well as Hué, capital of the center, and dominated the Quang Ngay region. In Saigon too, the Viet Minh appeared as the principal revolutionary force, but here the situation was fluid. The French had been chased out by the Japanese, the Japanese had capitulated and the English were maintaining a semblance of order (a role the Chinese "Nationalists" were performing rather badly at Hanoi). But three weeks later the French forces reappeared, with English complicity, in the South. From all appearances it was an operation of reconquest.

The Viet Minh had snatched power in the North with an audacity and a tactical genius worthy of Lenin. But this power was fragile. The anticommunist nationalist parties represented in Ho's government were a constant threat, and the Chinese troops of the Kuomintang supported them openly against the "reds."

Since 1943 the Americans had been giving some friendly support to the revolutionary movement of Mr. Ho. But after the death of Roosevelt and the Japanese surrender, the United States was less inclined to help this bothersome wartime ally, and began to give in to French pressure in the name of "Western solidarity." The Russians were too far away to be much help to Ho, and the Chinese Communists had their hands full just surviving.

August 22, the French mission was re-established in Hanoi, with Jean Sainteny, veteran of the French Resistance, in charge. Five days later Vo Nguyen Giap, then the Viet Minh interior minister, paid him a visit to establish contact. Preliminary talks began on October 15 with a meeting between Ho Chi Minh and Sainteny. The Frenchman spoke of "autonomy" within the French Union. (What *that* was, no one knew exactly—perhaps a vague sort of Commonwealth; General de Gaulle preferred to posit its existence rather than define it.) The Vietnamese demanded recognition of the independence proclaimed in September—after which an agreement might be reached permitting the temporary return of French forces and recognition of a special relationship with Paris.

February 16, 1946, Ho Chi Minh informed Sainteny that he was ready to accept North Vietnam's entry into the French Union ("Is it round?" said Ho, laughing. "Is it square?"). On the 26th he issued a communique announcing the opening of "official negotiations" with France. On the 28th, the government of Chiang Kai-shek recognized the "principle" of French sovereignty over Indochina and agreed to withdraw its troops from North Vietnam. The following day I was received by Ho Chi Minh; he gave the impression that agreement was near. March 6, after the tough final hours of negotiation, Ho Chi Minh and Sainteny signed an accord by which Ho agreed:

a. that no mention of "independence" would figure in the text of the accord.

b. that Nam-bô (the southernmost part of Vietnam, formerly known as Cochin China) would be incorporated in the new state only if the population chose to do so by referendum.

c. that French troops would be stationed in the North for five years, but that fighting in the South was to cease.

In exchange, France recognized Vietnam as a "free state having its own government, its parliament and its finances, forming part of the Indochinese Federation and the French Union." The ink was hardly dry on the paper when Ho turned to Sainteny and said, "I have misgivings. You know that I wanted more than that. But one cannot have it all in a single day." Then he embraced Sainteny, adding, "Friendship is my only consolation." Turning to us, the journalists, half-laughing, half-crying, he proposed a toast to the health of the new state.

Could Ho have avoided these concessions? Paul Mus, the sociologist who was then advisor to the French negotiators, has written in *Vietnam, Sociologie d'une Guerre:* "In reaching agreement with France, Ho wanted to strengthen his position against a possible Franco-Chinese *entente* based on the recently signed Chungking conventions (recognizing French sovereignty over Indochina), which had not even mentioned the Hanoi government. If the French and Nationalist Chinese were to make such an alliance, the Viet Minh would have been crushed in the vise . . ."

But if the Ho-Sainteny accord appears remarkable today for the Viet Minh's concessions, international opinion at the time, particularly in the English press, considered it a decisive step in the liberation of Asian peoples. India and Indonesia would have to wait long months before their independence was recognized. And though Vietnam was only a "free state," Ho Chi Minh knew how

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to make his militants understand that a little patience was better than a lot of spilt blood.

The Franco-Vietnamese accord was not to last more than nine months, and the fault can be laid principally to the French representative in Saigon, Admiral d'Argenlieu. The day after Ho Chi Minh's departure for France, in company with a delegation charged with negotiating the formal treaty between Paris and Hanoi, the admiral ordered the proclamation of an "Autonomous Republic of Cochin China" (June 1, 1946). It was, the French authorities assured us, a mere temporary measure, "while awaiting the referendum" provided by the accords of March 6th. But Ho Chi Minh had the impression that he had been tricked. And the treaty he brought with him, on his return from France in September, was hardly more than a vague *modus vivendi*, a warmed over version of the fragile accords of March.

From week to week, relations between Paris and Hanoi turned more and more sour. On November 18, an incident between Vietnamese customs inspectors and French soldiers at Haiphong touched off a bloody gunfight, and several Frenchmen were killed. The French fleet, anchored in the harbor, retaliated by firing on Vietnamese positions, killing thousands of people in a nearby residential quarter. A high-ranking French officer rubbed salt in the wound by boasting of "giving a good lesson" to the Vietnamese.

The politics of "accords" does not stand up long to this kind of "good lesson." A month later, General Giap got his revenge by launching a surprise attack on the French garrison in Hanoi, which had been installed in March after the accords. The French returned fire, the battle widened. Before long, it was a war. Ho and Giap took to the *maquis* to lead an all-out struggle against the French.

The March 6th accords were sabotaged by the ultras in Paris and Hanoi. But they showed also that Ho Chi Minh and the Viet Minh leadership preferred to obtain their objectives by way of negotiation—provided their interlocutors were negotiating seriously and in good faith. In March of 1946 Ho Chi Minh had taken the risks of moderation. He lost the gamble. He did not, however, lose all his illusions about the possibility of negotiating with the "colonialists" and "imperialists."

[Mr. Ho and the Big Five: 1954]

1953: Seven years had passed. An implacable war, which the chiefs of the Viet Minh had lived out in the *maquis*, suffering like the soldiers. General Giap had put together an army (with the aid, since 1950, of the Chinese) which had already inflicted serious defeats on the French forces—at Cao-Bang, Lang-Son, That-Ke. The military equilibrium, re-established by the Viet Minh since 1950, weighed slightly in its favor by the end of 1953. There was even hope of total victory over the former colonizer, although there were external factors which militated against it. Peking and Moscow had just put an end to the war in Korea, and Washington, under pressure from Paris, seemed on the verge of escalating from mere technical support for the French Indochina forces, to direct intervention.

November 25, 1953, the Swedish newspaper *Expressen* published an interview with Ho Chi Minh in which the Viet Minh leader was quoted as saying: "If the French government desires to conclude an armistice and resolve the question of Vietnam by negotiations, the people and the government of the Republic of Vietnam are ready to examine the French proposals."

In Paris, officials were skeptical. "One does not practice diplomacy in the classified ads," remarked Georges Bidault, the French foreign minister (who several weeks later would try to prevent a socialist deputy, Alain Savary, from making contact with Ho Chi Minh, telling him, "The Viet Minh is exhausted. Your visit will only bolster their courage and strengthen them"—the same kind of language Dean Rusk was to employ 12 years later). But the French public was so weary of this war—a war with few victories, still less moral justification and no apparent exit—that the idea of negotiation grew more and more appealing. And that is why, at the Berlin conference in February 1954, Bidault himself, encouraged by his British colleague Anthony Eden, convinced the Big Two, Dulles and Molotov, to include the Indochina problem on the agenda of the conference scheduled to open at Geneva in the spring. The Geneva meeting, called originally to settle the Korean question, would feature the participation of People's China.

We should recall here, because of its relevance to the events of 1966, that the objective which Bidault (and perhaps also Dulles) had in mind when he plumped for an international negotiation on Indochina was essentially to persuade Peking to abandon the Viet Minh. In the French minister's view, Ho Chi Minh's forces would not be able to hold on without Chinese support: deprived of this crutch, the Viet Minh would crumble. The French diplomatic corps liked to compare Ho Chi Minh to Markos, the Greek Communist leader who was obliged to capitulate after Marshal Tito withdrew his support. Bidault spoke of winning a similar concession from the Chinese by offering them "bon bons"—capital equipment, perhaps, or diplomatic recognition, or admission of Peking to the United Nations. One cannot fail to be struck by the parallel between Mr. Bidault's conception of Peking pulling the strings for the Viet Minh, and Mr. Rusk's conception of the Viet Cong as the marionette of Hanoi.

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Chou En-lai arrived at the Geneva rendez-vous (April 1954) without having received any "bon bons" from Paris. Immediately the conferees confronted the problem of Viet Minh representation. The "nationalist" government of Saigon, headed by playboy Bao Dai, did everything to prevent its Communist adversary from being represented (as the junta of Marshal Ky is doing today). But even John Foster Dulles rejected this pretention, and after a week of discussion the delegation of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam—headed by Pham Van Dong, the present prime minister—was recognized as one of the nine principals at the conference. The others were the United States, the USSR, Great Britain, People's China, France, Cambodia, Laos and "nationalist" Vietnam.

The Indochina conference formally opened on May 7, 1954, the very day the French were decisively defeated at Dien Bien Phu in a battle the French strategists had counted on to "break" the divisions of General Giap. A month earlier in Washington, President Eisenhower, with the approval of Senate Majority Leader William Knowland and Minority Leader Lyndon Johnson, had refused to intervene militarily to save the French garrison. The French thus came to Geneva, having absorbed a serious defeat on the ground and not being able to count on American intervention, in a decidedly weak position. It remained to be seen if the Communists would take advantage and impose on France humiliating and intolerable conditions.

The Viet Minh could not fail to be intoxicated by the prospect of victory. And they were encouraged by the statements emanating at the time from Washington. On April 29, for example, President Eisenhower announced that Washington would take no initiative in the Indochinese situation, in the hope that an "acceptable *modus vivendi*" with the Communists would be reached at Geneva. On May 12 John Foster Dulles himself declared: "Southeast Asia could be held without Indochina . . ."

THE DECISIVE PROPOSAL, however, came from the Viet Minh delegation, headed by Ho's closest and most faithful lieutenant, Pham Van Dong. And that proposal was the temporary partition of Vietnam. The idea was not entirely new; it had been outlined in the English press on May 3, taken up several days later by the influential French newspaper *Le Monde* and by Walter Lippman, and advocated privately by the chief of the American delegation, General Walter Bedell Smith. What was surprising was that this idea, discreetly formulated in the camp of the losers, had been taken up officially by the side of the winners.

Agreement came swiftly. On May 25 in open session, Pham Van Dong spoke, in rather ambiguous fashion, of fixing sector boundaries preparatory to a cease-fire, of an "exchange of territory" and if possible, the establishment of "single-tenant zones." One member of the French delegation, Claude Cheysson (presently ambassador to Indonesia) murmured, stupefied: "It's partition—and it's *they* who are offering it!" The essential point, given the French "commitment" to Bao Dai in Saigon, was that this solution, judged inevitable by serious observers, had been proposed by the other side.

Then on June 8, during a secret meeting of the French and Viet Minh military delegations, Ta Quang Buu, representing the People's Army, pointed to a map of the northern zone of Indochina and said to French Colonel de Brébisson: "We must have a state; we must have a capital; we must have a port." When the Frenchman, fascinated, inquired about the dimensions of this zone, his interlocutor responded vaguely, recalling only the importance his government attached to the city of Hué. If he was proposing a partition at the 14th or 15th parallel, it was not clear. But the negotiation had been launched, and once again by the Viet Minh.

To measure properly the moderation shown by Ho Chi Minh and his representatives at Geneva, barely a month after Dien Bien Phu, we should recall that the Viet Minh was not only dominant in the North, but controlled more than half the territory of the center, almost half of the Southern territories and much of Laos. It is easy to understand, therefore, the extreme interest of the Western camp in this extraordinary proposal of the Viet Minh. Bidault's lieutenant at Geneva, Frédéric-Dupont, hurried to Paris to announce the news, hoping at the same time to save the Laniel government, which had been accused by the majority in parliament of bungling the Geneva negotiations. But Georges Bidault preferred to see the government fall (which it did six days later) than to attach too much importance to the Viet Minh offer.

The new premier, Pierre Mendès-France, was to win new and important concessions from the Viet Minh. The first concerned the location of the line of partition. Ho Chi Minh had suggested, after the June 8 meeting, the partition of his country at the 13th parallel. The Westerners fought toe to toe on this point, and as the negotiations progressed, the demarcation line was moved to the 14th parallel; then, on the initiative of Chou En-lai, to the 16th, and finally on the last day, to the present frontier at the 17th parallel. The Communist leaders had thus ceded not only one-fifth of the territory they had sought to obtain, but a third of the land they occupied militarily and a population of more than 2,000,000 people.

But territory was not all that the Viet Minh conceded. They also gave considerably more than an inch on the question of the date of the referendum which was to unite

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the two zones of Vietnam. The Viet Minh demanded six months; the French, three years. Anthony Eden and Molotov, co-chairmen of the conference, convinced the parties to compromise at two years. And what is more, Pham Van Dong had to agree beforehand to evacuate Viet Minh troops unconditionally from Cambodia and Laos, at best a one-way arrangement. France was given the right to maintain bases in these two countries, with Vientiane and Phnom Penh having the right to call on their "allies" in case of "danger." It was not exactly what one would call a neutralization of Laos and Cambodia.

Why, then, did the conquerors of Dien Bien Phu make such extensive concessions? One reason was the pressure from their Communist allies, the Soviet Union and China —this was two years before the first rumblings of the Sino-Soviet split—who at the time were encouraging an international *détente*. The Russians did not wish, by humiliating France, to force her into supporting the rearmament of Germany. The Chinese, after Pan Mun Jom, wished to concentrate on economic development at home. Moscow and Peking decided, moreover, that if the Geneva negotiations failed the war would resume, and that Washington, despite its evasive statements of March-May of 1954, would end by intervening directly in Indochina, with a concomitant threat to the Chinese revolution.

But it would be a mistake to attribute Ho's moderate attitude solely to exterior considerations. Ho, while accepting the use of violence as a revolutionary necessity, has shown that he knows also how to use it selectively and to balance the cost in human lives against the results to be gained from fighting. When Pham Van Dong received a group of journalists on July 22, 1954, he did not give the impression of a man whose allies had forced him to absorb concessions of which he disapproved. He viewed the accords rather as a clever compromise, useful to all concerned. Perhaps Ho Chi Minh felt that prolonging the war would mean an increase of Chinese influence over the Viet Minh. Just as in 1946 he had preferred independence "on time," so in 1954 he was willing to accept reunification "on time."

Once again the West tried to snatch the fruits of victory from the Viet Minh revolutionaries, and once again Mr. Ho, the moderate, reacted fiercely to the Western betrayal. In 1946, Admiral d'Argenlieu and his headquarters in Saigon had refused to recognize fully the results of the Hanoi negotiations between Ho, General Leclerc and Sainteny; by creating the *fait accompli* of the "Republic of Cochin China," he had sabotaged the prospects of the referendum provided for in the March 6 accord. In 1954, John Foster Dulles refused to concede fully the implications of the Geneva Accords. Deciding that the provisional demarcation line at the 17th parallel was henceforth the permanent frontier of the "free world" in Asia, he encouraged Ngo Dinh Diem to refuse the referendum planned for July 1956.

In both cases, an eminent spokesman for the West had swindled the Communists. And if the Vietnamese reaction was severe after 1946, it could not fail to be so after 1956.

[Mr. Ho and the United States: 1966]

In the light of these two vignettes of history, we are faced with the question: Can Ho Chi Minh and his party be persuaded to attempt a third experience of negotiation and compromise with the West?

Before replying to that question, we should observe that Ho Chi Minh is no longer in the position that he occupied in 1946 and 1954. He is no longer the main protagonist of the conflict. Today it is the "Viet Cong" which occupies the place of the Viet Minh of 12 and 20 years ago. Today Mr. Ho is as tangential to the fight of the NLF as Mao Tse-tung was to Ho's war in 1954. Washington's attempt to force Hanoi to "let go" of the Viet Cong is slightly less fantastic than the analogous policy tried in 1954 by Bidault, who hoped that withdrawal of Chinese support would suffice to finish the Viet Minh. But in another sense, Rusk is even more unrealistic, because Peking was freer in 1954 to "let go" of Ho Chi Minh than Ho is today to "let go" of the NLF.

One must constantly keep in mind that each of America's adversaries—the NLF, Hanoi, Peking—has its own interests and objectives. No solution is possible unless:

a. the Viet Cong obtains, by political means, the influence over public life in the South warranted by their sacrifices, their organization and mass popular following.

b. Hanoi is convinced that there is a good chance of a negotiated reunification of Vietnam (within five or 10 years), guaranteed evacuation of U.S. forces within a reasonable period (perhaps two or three years), and an opportunity to maintain its independence vis-a-vis China.

c. Peking can count on a neutralization of Southeast Asia, or at the very least of Indochina.

When Washington solemnly agrees to self-determination in the South, to the right of the NLF to play a role corresponding to its influence, to the possibility of a not-too-distant reunification; when Washington announces it will evacuate Indochina, support neutralization and show the seriousness of its intentions by concrete gestures—cessation of bombing, North and South, "freeze" of operations, contacts at a suitable level with each of the interlocutors—then we might have grounds for hope that the leaders of North Vietnam would rediscover the spirit of compromise which animated them in 1946 and 1954.

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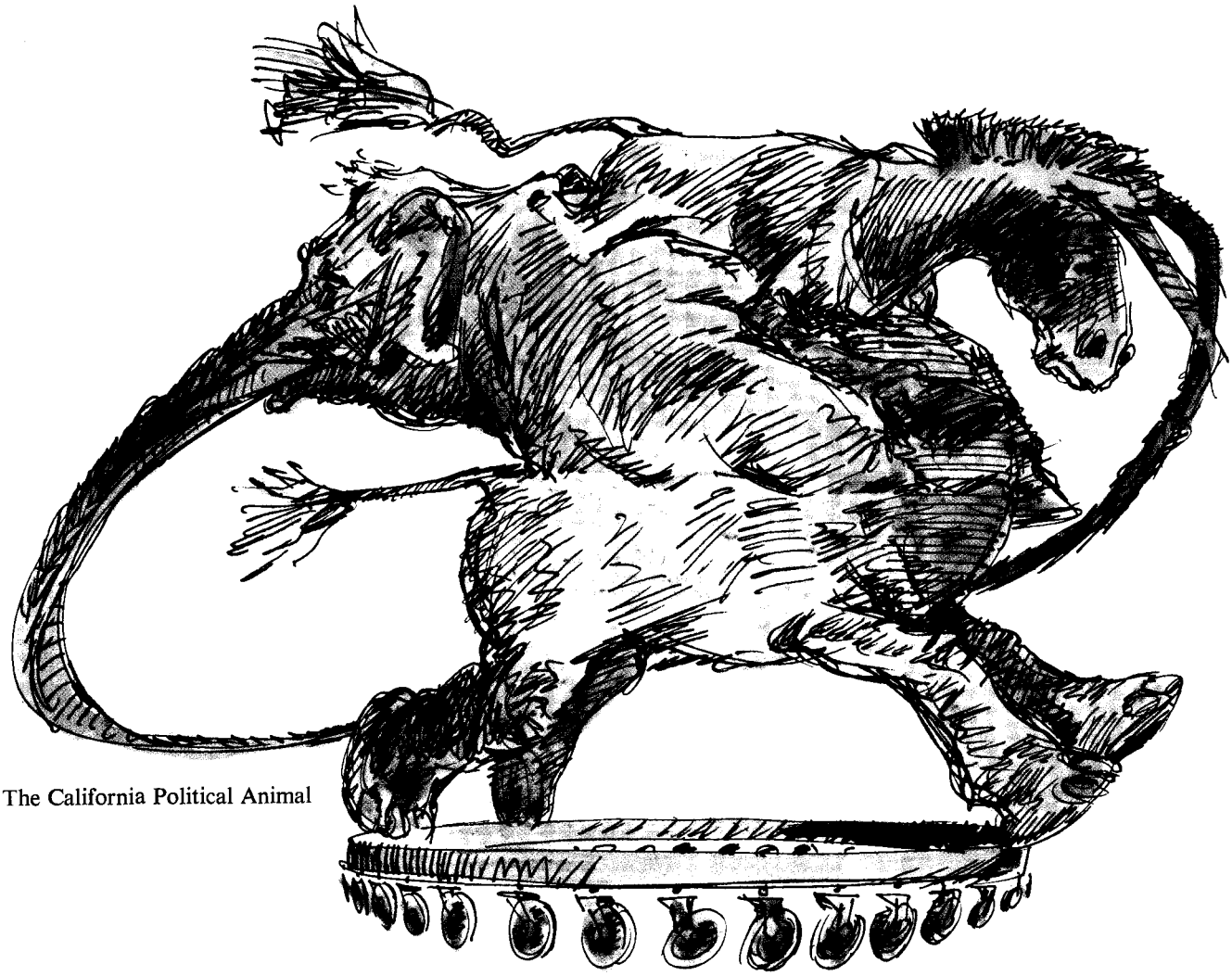
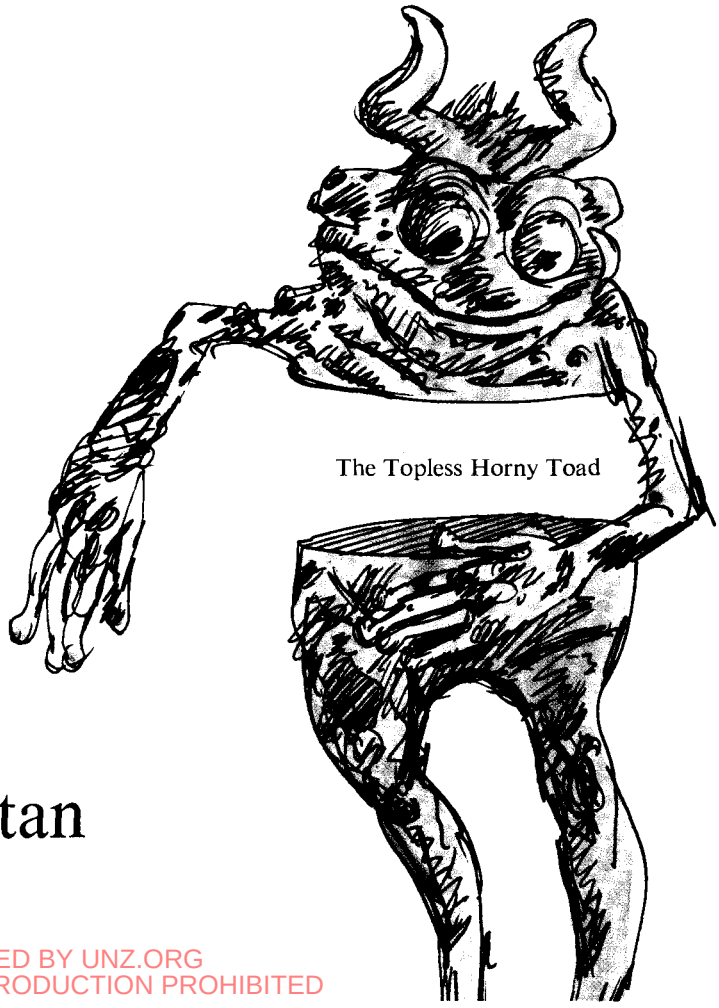


The California Political Animal

The California Natural History Guidebook



The Topless Horny Toad

compiled by Gene Holtan

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The Delano Grape

The Berkeley Bear
(*a natural enemy of the Orange County Termite*)

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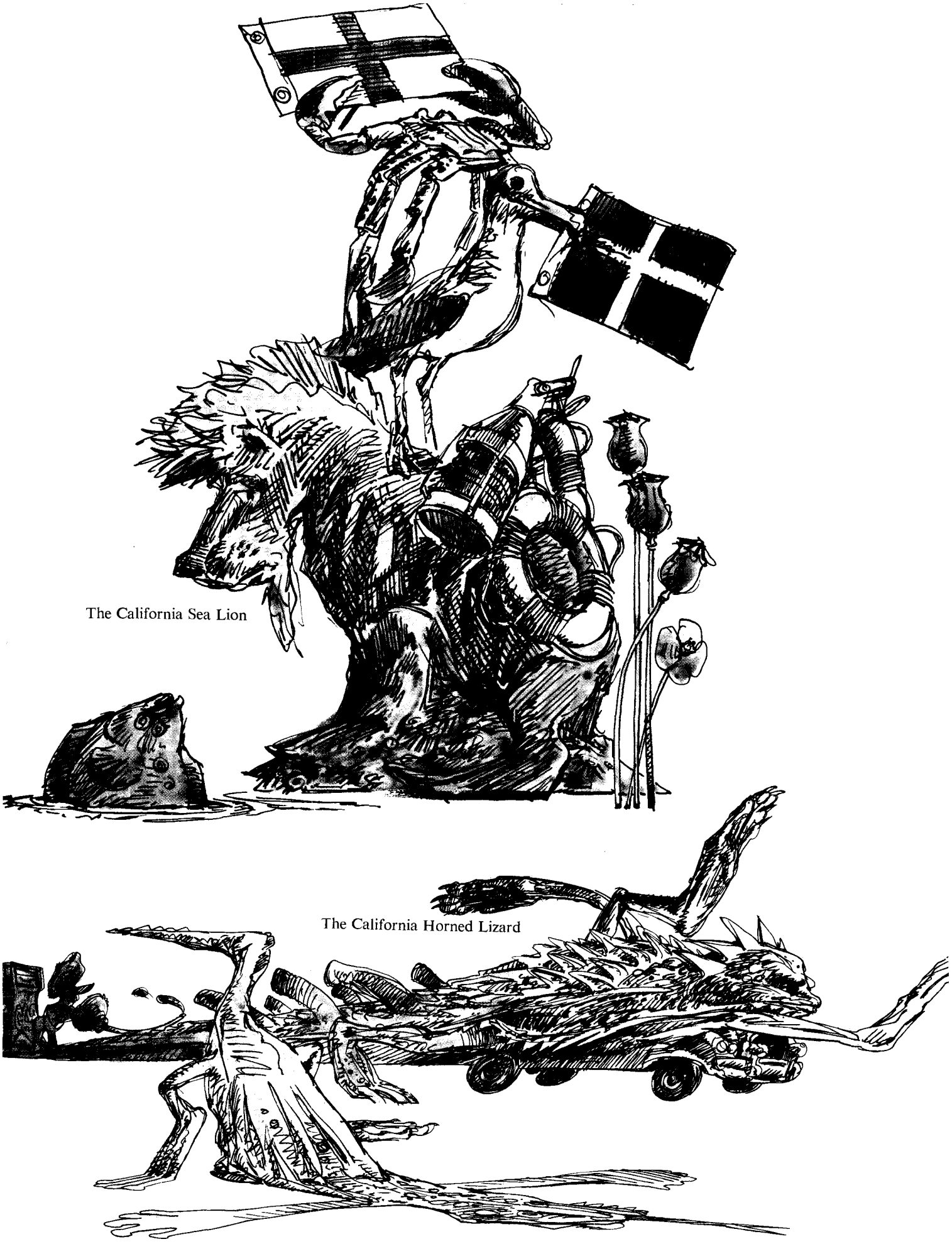

The California Sea Lion

The California Horned Lizard

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Ephemera

BOOKS ART CINEMA THEATRE MISCELLANY

Books:

THE BIG KNOCKOVER, SELECTED STORIES AND SHORT NOVELS *by Dashiell Hammett. Edited and with an Introduction by Lillian Hellman. New York: Random House. 355 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by Don Carpenter

In Portland, Oregon, there is a middle-sized bookstore called Cameron's. It has changed location two or three times, but I remember it as being on 4th Street. Cameron himself is a short soft man with thick glasses and a rubbery look, usually dressed in slacks, plaid shirt and cardigan sweater. One of his assistants is his wife and the other is a woman who, according to the story, worked there six months before Cameron or his wife knew it. Cameron is not interested in books and does not claim to know anything about them. He likes stamps. He opened the store to deal in stamps, because his private collection was too big and was threatening to bankrupt him. Somehow or other, people began bringing him things to sell or trade, including a lot of books. Cameron would look up distractedly from his stamps, make an offer, smile, take the book, and mark a price inside the front cover with a red crayon (this used to drive book-dealers crazy, and finally Cameron took to putting a tiny adhesive tag in the book, with the price scrawled in red crayon).

To this day, nobody knows how Cameron decides the worth of a book. Dick Kennedy once bought a copy of *Moby Dick* for 25 cents, took it home, discovered that it was an abridged edition, took it back, and resold it to Cameron for 50 cents. When I was moving from Portland I brought Cameron most of my library in big shopping bags. He did not look at the books. He asked me, "How many bags?" I told him 12. "Thirty dollars," he said.

Every lush, bum, junkie, starving student and book-dealer in the Pacific Northwest knows about Cameron's. Every day, the book scouts and dealers show up to raid Cameron's stock for what they call "sleepers" (books priced well below their value), and they are seldom disappointed. After the raid, they often go across the street together for coffee, and often Cameron goes with them. They talk about books, and Cameron smiles and listens. I don't think he bothers to remember any of the titles they discuss so eagerly. Eventually, all books come to him, and eventually, he will make 20 or 30 cents out of them.

I do not know why the thieves and hustlers and students have not driven Cameron out of business, but they haven't. I know of more than one instance when the sharpie would sidle into the store, go toward the back, pick out a few books, and then bring them to the counter to sell. I have stood and watched this happen. I know that Cameron is not a stupid man, and I think he understands what the sharpies are doing. He just does not seem to care. Like the rare books, it is not worth paying attention to. The books stolen, the money taken, the credit slips raised, will all come back eventually.

Six or seven years ago, Cameron's prices rocketed, and everyone went around with a dazed look. Books formerly ten cents were a quarter. Books formerly a quarter were a dollar. Now, if you wanted to buy a $50 first edition from Cameron, you had to pay a buck for it. Of course, mysteries and other such trash remained within reason.

There was a whole room in the back of the store devoted to mysteries and adventure stories, both hardcover and paperback. In one corner of this room were three of four high stacks of the old Mercury mysteries, and I'm not exactly sure what got me to look through them. It was probably one of those rainy days when I was desperate to read something that would relax me rather than improve my mind. The store would be damp and muggy, the air full of the smell of raincoats and the sharp acrid odor of paperdust. I would snuffle around the entire store (not shuffle; in Oregon I had one cold for three years), stepping over people curled up reading magazines, my head cocked to one side to read the titles, a cigarette burning in the corner of my mouth. Eventually, I suppose I got to the old Mercurys.

What I found was nothing short of pure gold. Like everybody else, I had read the detective novels of Dashiell Hammett, and I had supposed that that was all he had written: *Red Harvest*, *The Dain Curse*, *The Maltese Falcon*, *The Glass Key*, and *The Thin Man*. I had read my copies of these books to tatters, not just because they—along with the complete works of Raymond Chandler—were the best of their kind, but because Hammett was a master craftsman, whose picture of this country in the 1920's was unique. I thought then and I think now that Hemingway, Fitzgerald and Dos Passos showed only a tiny, and even at that, warped picture of America's favorite decade, and that Hammett's picture was better, cleaner, more honest, and far less romantic. But I was an awful fool in those days, and I pretended that I preferred Hemingway & Co., and looked sheepish when anybody caught me reading Hammett. Because, you see, Hammett wrote detective stories. Not literature.

This attitude of mine was particularly stupid, because I could walk out into the street and confirm what Hammett wrote, and I had to take Hemingway and his friends on faith. I am not try-

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ing to compare these men, or to lessen the achievements of, say, F. Scott Fitzgerald. I'm only trying to suggest that Hammett was good, too.

ANYWAY, I was on my knees, in Cameron's back room, going through a musty old stack of Mercury mysteries, paperback newsprint books with gaudy 1940-ish covers, when I discovered that Hammett had written a large number of short stories and what the mystery and science fiction trade calls "novelets"—a word I do not know how to pronounce. I picked out all I could find, perhaps *Dead Yellow Women*, *Hammett Homicides*, *The Adventures of Sam Spade and Other Stories*, and *The Continental Op*. Plunking down 35 cents in exchange for a bag, I headed out into the rain.

I know, without having to remember, what I did when I got home. I went into the kitchen and made a stack of sandwiches and poured a pint of milk. Then I went into the living room, turned on my favorite lamp, sat in my favorite chair, put my feet on my favorite footstool, and went on a trip that makes what you can get from LSD seem like nothing at all. I gorged myself, on food, on milk, and on Dashiell Hammett. I also made a great (for me) discovery: Hammett's short fiction is at least as good as his novels, and perhaps, in some ways, even better.

Eventually, I managed to collect, in tattered form, all of the Hammett available. In the middle of 1961, shortly after Hammett died, a book called *A Man Named Thin* came out, containing the last selection of Hammett stories, and I added this to my collection. Then we moved to San Francisco. I sold all my Hammett, figuring to pick up new editions in the Bay Area equivalent of Cameron's. It turned out that there was and is no Bay Area equivalent, and in four years I managed only to acquire three of the seven volumes.

Now, at last, some of Hammett's short stories and novellas are in hard covers, issued by Random House as *The Big Knockover*. I am bitterly angry at Random House for printing only a selection instead of the complete stories, because I think Hammett belongs to literature and we readers ought to be allowed to pick our own favorites. But I have to admit that his best stories are gathered in this book.

Now I have to explain why I wrote this "review" (Do you see any review? I don't.) the way I did: There are 53 Hammett short stories in the Mercury (and Dell) editions, all long out of print. Only nine appear in the new Random House. If they turn you on the way they turned me on, you'll be interested to know that Cameron's bookstore is still in business, in Portland, Oregon, and that the ten cents apiece, three for a quarter price still prevails. I would have been back sooner myself, but I was under the impression that Random House was going to publish them all.

Don Carpenter's first novel, Hard Rain Falling, *was published this year by Harcourt, Brace and World.*

TOO FAR TO WALK *by John Hersey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 246 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by Saul Landau

IF ANY OF THE YOUNG hippies need literary evidence to support their feelings about the generational gap, John Hersey has supplied it. *Too Far to Walk* is ostensibly about a college boy, part of the experience-seeking, politically active, turned-on, trip-taking generation that rocks to Dylan and the Stones. But the book is really a message à la Dr. Spock, to the parents of this generation.

Just as the good pediatrician reassures us that breath holding is a normal trick of toddlers, Hersey tries to reassure parents of 19-year-olds about lethargy, aimlessness, working with SNCC in Mississippi, dancing to rock, smoking marijuana, taking LSD trips —it's just the *sophomore syndrome*. There's no need to call the doctor. Just keep the kid in college.

To give his message status, Hersey draws on an old and tested theme. The 19-year-old hero, John Fist (English for *Faust*), after one good year in college, develops the first symptoms of the syndrome. One morning he decides that it is "too far to walk" to his classics class. This is the opening that the devil, a cool sophomore who smells like ozone, has been waiting for. He makes a 26-week trial pact with the lad, complete with blood prints, promising "experiences." Forget Marlowe, Goethe or Thomas Mann. The Faust theme is the gimmick by which Hersey describes modern hell on earth: an LSD trip.

Despite attempts at surrealist prose fantasies—a literary acid trip—Hersey keeps his story moving. (In his hallucinations, Fist confronts his father in the role of a commanding officer and an alluring woman; not Helen of Troy, but his mother. His father is killed in a dream battle, but by this point he has established himself as the reality principle and as the possessor of John's mother.) The LSD experience was not what Fist wanted: it helped him grow up. And so he opts for the experience of Hersey's "real world," and tells the sophomore devil to go to hell.

Too Far to Walk fails as a novel; as a prescription for parents it is as effective as Miltown. But Hersey's diagnosis comes from the pulpit: today's college youth face a more difficult struggle for identity and meaning than any previous generation. This is due in part to affluence. In reaction to the comfortable but confusing life, the kids seek meaning in drugs, rock, radical politics, but none of these work. This is the sermon of a liberal theologian and a comforting one.

By the time that the reader tires from Hersey's LSD prose, he might have forgotten the events which led the confused and anxious John Fist down the path to the devil. "Right at John's feet (his toes seemed to him to be pale, bloodless, thin, and greatly distant), lay a two-day-old New York Times: Tshombe flies to Paris to seek backing, Vietcong ambush kills seven Americans. There was still time to make Orreman's lecture, but John knew he was not going . . ."

Professor Orreman, "a shallow old fart" to our hero, is the tranquilizer-pusher who assures us that nothing, indeed, has changed. He tries to talk John into staying in school, but his reasoning omits the threat of the draft, the one thing which might appeal to John's par-

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We're suing the justice department

Why? Because it has invoked an unconstitutional statute against us.

On March 4, 1966, Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach petitioned the Subversive Activities Control Board to determine if the **W.E.B. DuBois Clubs** should be ordered to register under the **McCarran Act** as a "**Communist Front.**" Cited by the attorney general were some of our positions which supposedly do not deviate from those of the Communist "movement." The petition charges us with advocacy of the following: prohibition of nuclear testing, belief in the existence of colonial and neo-colonial exploitation, institution of diplomatic relations with China and Cuba, admission of China to the U.N., and termination of travel restrictions on U.S. citizens. (The attorney general missed a few: we also "believe in the existence of" exploitation and discrimination here in the U.S., we advocate full employment, a genuine war on poverty and an end to the war in Vietnam).

The McCarran Act was passed over the veto of president Truman. Katzenbach himself has stated his belief that the Act is unconstitutional. He believes he must enforce it as long as it is on the books. And on the books it is — with provisions so blatently contrary to our Bill of Rights that they ominously recall the legislation of the Third Reich.*

The Act has been invoked before. Each time, it has been thrown out of court after a long, expensive battle. In the process, some petitioned organizations have been bankrupted and dealt a death blow. Two days following the attorney general's petition, DuBois Club members in New York were attacked in the street and beaten, and the National Office of the clubs in San Francisco was destroyed by an explosion.

So we are turning the tables. We're suing the justice department; the McCarran Act must go. The American Civil Liberties Union has entered a complaint in federal district court on behalf of the DuBois Clubs to restrain all further proceedings on the grounds that the McCarran Act is unconstitutional and that it destroys First Amendment freedoms.

There are many co-plaintiffs in the case. They are not connected with the DuBois Clubs, but they have filed suit with us because they realize that their rights, like those of all Americans, are threatened by such legislation. They include:

Mrs. Donna Allen, Women's Int'l. League for Peace and Freedom; Rev. James Bevel, Southern Christian Leadership Conference; Rev. Wm. Sloane Coffin, Chaplain, Yale University; David Dellinger, editor, Liberation magazine; Ralph DiGia, War Resisters' League; Frank Emspak, National Committee to End the War in Vietnam; Prof. Robert J. Havighurst, professor of Education, University of Chicago; Prof. Staughton Lynd, professor of History, Yale University; Carl Oglesby, Students for a Democratic Society; Rev. Joseph Sittler, professor, Divinity School, University of Chicago and Chairman, Nat'l. Committee for Repeal of the McCarran Act; John Lewis and Elizabeth Sutherland, Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee; Norman Thomas; Mrs. Dagmer Wilson, Women Strike for Peace. (Organizations and affiliations listed for identification only.)

IT'S YOUR FIGHT TOO. The McCarran Act is a tool in the hands of those who don't like the civil rights movement, the organization of the poor, and the protests against the war in Vietnam. That's our program; it's yours, too. We need money so we can sue the justice department. Will you help? Make checks payable to:

W.E.B. DuBois Clubs
180 N. Wacker Dr.
Chicago, Illinois

*For more information on the McCarran Act write to: National Committee to Repeal the McCarran Act, Suite 318, 431 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois 60605.

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ticular sensibilities. The draft is, in fact, the one "in" thing that Hersey forgot in his attempt to capture the new youth. Instead, the old classics professor tells John that "I enjoy lecturing to men like you . . . to troubled sons of men I remember as having been quite untroubled. Of course my memory is going . . ." Does this mean that John's father, once a student at the same fancy Eastern college, and now in the fake antique business, was just as troubled a sophomore as his son?

Hersey is separated by more than an age gap. He grew up in the world of liberal rationality, where in spite of everything, American democracy offered opportunity for individuals to develop (if they were from the vast white middle class). Now the children of the middle class, in the Village, in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury, in Berkeley, on Sunset Strip and in many locations that will soon be familiar, "carry on," demanding attention, demanding acknowledgement.

They are decked out in costumes: bell bottoms, poorboys, granny dresses, Ben Franklins, bare feet and long hair. They look like they are striking poses: not the cool, detached, withdrawn and dead-pan, the faces of the old hipsters, but the obvious blank masks hiding anguish—the open mouths and the updated Dean and Brando expressions—revealing to those that really want to know that underneath the blinks and blanks there is tension and drama. They take drugs. The old hipsters took drugs, but they were of a different ilk: heroin v. LSD; morphine v. hallucinogenic flower seeds. Hipsters were hostile and callous; the new "hippies" are afraid of violence (although they look threatening enough to grownups and especially to police) and sensitive to pain. They dance without touching each other, physically or emotionally, often without attempting to keep rhythm. They do not marry although they have sex (sometimes even make love) at young ages. They cry for attention, but the only ones that hear, for the wrong reasons, are the police and other enemies of human anguish.

The liberal parents, like Hersey, say "Don't pay any attention, it'll all go away by itself." Then sooner or later it becomes: "My kid is pregnant at 16. What did I do wrong? We gave her love, allowed her freedom." Or "My son is at the hospital. His twelfth LSD—what do they call them—trips. I can't understand why he quit college for that."

It's a growing refusal to enter adulthood, either in practical or emotional terms. The adult world to those in their late teens and early twenties doesn't seem worth entering.

"The world owes me everything but it doesn't owe me a thing. Truth is sensation experienced under LSD, dancing to the Stones, balling high with long hair over your face (your own or hers?). Silence is a true sound; prophets write truth on subway walls (although I've never ridden in a subway I know that if there is truth, it is written there) and love is an elusive butterfly (is there an easy kind to catch?)."

"My daughter is only 16 and I caught her in bed getting shtuped *by some beatnik who looks like a girl himself. What do you mean what did I do? I threw the bum out and beat the hell out of her. Imagine, right in her own house, under my nose practically. She couldn't find a more secluded place? Why does she have to smoke her marijuana in our bathroom, bring her lovers to our house? Maybe she's trying to tell us something. I would take her to my psychiatrist, but she wants her own, an existentialist psychiatrist."*

BORN INTO AFFLUENCE the children of the old liberals and radicals of the '30s find it difficult to understand the reasons for their parents' sell-out. They cannot conceive of the fear of poverty, although some of them experience voluntary poverty, or live in communities on subsistence. But they were born with economic security. Surrounded by affluence, smothered by love from doting parents, they are as secure in these areas as members of any generation. The bomb, the injustice, the words that disguise feelings, the passion that is deviously diverted from human beings to things—(Rolls Royce, psychiatry, beating the commies)—are the roots of the insecurity, of the demand that the world once again (as if it ever was) be set right.

Los Angeles Police Chief Parker said that this is a rotten world full of rotten people. I picked up a hippie and his girl—they could have been from central casting—going from Berkeley to San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury. He said, "Man, love is all that counts. I love so much I sometime get dizzy." Chief Parker, meet the hippie. Who lives in this world. Chief Parker, who was surrounded by a painful cancer, in his body and in his city, looked out through a window marred by chaotically dividing cells: his soul and Los Angeles. The hippie, not looking at the girl whose hair and clothes are like his, continues to tell me how much he loves the world, while the girl's eyes plead desperately for him to love her. "The trouble with the world," he says, "is that the kids are repressed. Kids are love. They have no hate, only love." I shook my head in disbelief. The girl rubbed her stomach. She was just 17. "I'm going to have one in four months," she said proudly. The hippie had a pained smile, but still he did not look at his girl.

I stopped at the corner of Haight and Ashbury. Before they opened the car door I asked about their parents. "My old man, he's just pathetic," he said, almost hatefully, looking at the pavement. "He manages some insurance firm." His speech had a melody pattern as if Dylan had written it. They started to leave, but I persisted. "My father is a physics professor." She almost screamed at me.

They walked toward the Psychedelic Shop, amid hundreds of young people, 15 to 30, also in costume, with their hair like graceful scarves that float in the stiff San Francisco wind. On the street the newsy shakes his head, most of the passersby don't see them; the police watch them carefully. The insurance company manager and the college professor feel pain in their hearts; martinis and mothers' little helpers are only a short relief and the psychiatrist reassures them that it's not all their fault.

Something is deeply wrong. It's not just a new version of teenage rebellion. Most of those who refuse to enter the adult world are not going to shape up; they will not accept the quality of life that has been celebrated by the Great Barbecuers. Hersey and the other liberal soothsayers are the very types who will end up saying, "What could we have done?" Rather than being "too far to walk" for the young rebels to enter maturity, perhaps this generation of adults has walked too far, without looking where they were going.

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Media:

THE COOL TOTALITARIAN
or "The McLuhan Megillah"

by Christopher Koch

In the 19th and early 20th centuries, intellectuals believed that their alienation from an inhuman use of technology was forced upon them by an unjust economic system. As such it served as a motive for reform among liberals or for revolution among radicals. Most intellectuals today, however, are more willing to accept the system with its centralized control and its inevitable authoritarianism, and struggle somewhat more gently to maintain those corners of privacy where they can, at least for a few moments, be left alone.

Marshall McLuhan, hailed by many as the oracle of our new age of passive consent, takes the next logical step in *Understanding Media*. He embraces the new technology as it is owned and controlled today in the West in all its consequences. Perhaps he presages the time when our masters will require of us humanists what Stalin required of his purge victims in the '30s—that we not only accept our defeat but learn to love it.

In any event, McLuhan, like us, is concerned with "three thousand years of specialist explosion and of increasing specialism and alienation." He sees this alienation as the result of technological forces developed in Western civilization. But he also sees this alienated era as only "an interlude between two great organic periods of culture."

The first "organic" period (pre-literate, primitive society) collapsed under the impact of the phonetic vocabulary and the spread of literacy in the 5th century B.C. This literate period accelerated slowly, McLuhan argues, until the development of printing in the 15th century when it suddenly exploded. But today the electric technology of mass communications and cybernetics are returning us to "nature" and "the tribe" on a higher level.

McLuhan, like many bad social scientists and journalists, claims to be describing reality objectively without passing any judgments. But his enthusiasm for the primitive is unmistakable and his idealization of pre-literate man challenges the panegyrics of Rousseau and the romantics: "It is quite obvious that most civilized people are crude and numb in their perceptions compared with the hyperesthesia of oral and auditory cultures."

McLuhan's famous aphorisms are so well know that we need mention only a few of them. "The medium is the message" simply means that the social impact of a communication's system is not the content it conveys but the medium through which it is sent. Thus in television the content of programs is irrelevant but the quality of the image is crucial.

The notion that the content of one media is always an earlier one is illustrated by his contention that the content of TV is the movies; the content of the movies is the novel; of printing the medieval manuscripts; of written manuscripts the spoken word. Because most of us are poor clods who only watch the program or read the novel for what it says, we are always a technological generation behind the times.

Some of McLuhan's aphorisms provide parlor games for the bored. He divides all media, for example, into "cool" and "hot"—the terms bear little resemblance to hipster usage—and invites his lecture audiences to apply the terms.

"Hot" media extends one sense in "high definition" at the expense of others. That is, they are filled with content (data) and leave little for the receiver to fill in. "Cool" media, on the other hand, "involve all our facilities in depth," are "low in definition and provide little information," thus leaving us much to fill in ourselves.

Some cool media are: the telephone, cartoons, TV, hieroglyphics, seminars, paperback books, and small cars. This may be clearer—I don't promise it—if we compare cool media to hot. Thus the cartoon, which is only a sketch, is cool compared to the hot photograph which provides details. The radio, which extends our auditory faculty at the expense of our others and which, McLuhan says, provides a lot of information, is hot compared to the blurred and fuzzy TV image.

Paper is cool compared with stone because paper unifies space (it can be easily sent around) while stone unifies age (it lasts for a long time). If you think some of these distinctions are arbitrary, you are right.

McLuhan, in common with science fiction writers, system builders and demagogues (he manages to be all three at once) likes to coin words, use old words in new ways, and generally befuddle an already difficult language. In another aphorism he simply states that the era of mechanical technology was "exploding" while the era of electrical technology is "imploding," or reacting inward. Or, as he puts it at one point, "During the mechanical ages we had extended our bodies in space. Today, after more than a century of electric technology, we have extended our central nervous system itself in a global embrace, abolishing both space and

TECHNOCRACY

TECHNOCRACY, simply defined, is the application of the knowledge of science and the methods of technology to social management. Technocracy has determined that, since a highly developed technological method of production deriving most of its energy from extraneous sources is in use, a technogolical method of distribution must accompany it. Any of the old methods of distributing a scarcity bog down in the face of abundance.
—From "America Must Show the Way" Official Pamphlet of Technocracy Inc.
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—Albert Einstein

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time as far as our planet is concerned."

Some of these concepts are clearly important to our understanding of the enormous impact of mass communications. McLuhan's insistence that the media is the message draws attention to the fact that the form of communications has an enormous impact on us aside from the content, although one might not want to go quite as far as McLuhan and argue that content is irrelevant. And clearly today's cybernated world *is* strikingly different from yesterday's mechanized one.

On the other hand, most of these arguments have been made elsewhere, and while McLuhan has dramatically popularized them, they are neither so important nor so cogently argued to explain (by themselves) McLuhan's meteoric rise to fame and fortune.

CLOSE SCRUTINY of McLuhan's books shows them to be confused and contradictory—if not obscurantist. The trouble begins with McLuhan's whole approach. He objects, on theoretical grounds to the closely reasoned argument. In *Gutenberg Galaxy* (incidentally, a much better book than *Understanding Media*) he argues that writers only developed a point of view in the mechanical ages. "Authorship before print," he continues, "was in a large degree the building of a mosaic." To recapture the collectivity of that earlier age, McLuhan attempts to create his own mosaic based on the popular press (presumably magazines like Time and Newsweek) which offer, he writes, "no single vision, no point of view, but a mosaic of the postures of the collective consciousness, as Mallarmé proclaimed."

As a consequence, McLuhan's strong point of view (just like Newsweek's and Time's) is concealed under a confusion of oft-repeated vignettes, jokes and "insights." For the first few pages McLuhan's flashy prose is stimulating; but a careful reader loses interest rather quickly.

McLuhan does not deal with ideas; words are never defined and seldom have consistent meanings. He uses them instead as slogans and develops stances around certain key phrases and pairs of phrases. "Hot" which is bad is paired with "cool" which is good; "centralizing" (bad) is paired with "decentralizing" (good).

Frequently the oppositions he sets up completely fail to relate to one another. Thus he opposes "visual" with "tactile"; "clash of views" with "involvement in depth"; or "deep" with "fragmentary." He maintains that a book, which is "hot," necessarily "projects the author" while a manuscript, which is "cool," "involves the reader" (unless of course the book is paperback which he says is "cool").

McLuhan can, on occasion, tackle the world with a sentence. In one of my favorites he writes, "without psychic transformation of the inner life into segmented visual terms by literacy, there cannot be the economic 'take-off' that insures a continual movement of augmented production and perpetually accelerated change-and-exchange of goods and services."

But it is easy to pick McLuhan apart piece by piece, and critics like Dwight MacDonald, C. J. Fox and Neil Compton have done an excellent job of it. The question is why, despite all this opposition, he has attained such stature.

Time magazine reviewed *Understanding Media* in July, 1964 and dismissed it as modish pseudo-science (July 3, 1964). Then in February, 1966, the Luce publications changed their line and both Fortune and Life came out with public relations pæans complete with pictures of McLuhan self-consciously contemplating the Universe.

"By avocation, and widespread popular demand, he is . . . the latest intellectual oracle—an abundant source of radical sounding theories on how the new age of technology, particularly the technology of communications, is altering the living patterns of the human race," Life wrote.

Charles E. Silberman writing in Fortune first dismissed such critics of Western technological society as David Riesman, Rachel Carson, Vance Packard and Paul Goodman. They are examples of what Silberman called the "paranoid style" of social research, while McLuhan is "the most stimulating —and controversial—student of technology to have emerged in some years." Indeed, he is "one of the major intellectual influences of our time." By the end of the month Newsweek had joined the chorus.

Such praise from the communications industry itself is hardly surprising. But many liberal intellectuals are no less enthusiastic. Harold Rosenberg praised him in the New Yorker. The Times Literary Supplement called *Understanding Media* "one of the most original, urgent arguments to have appeared in the past decade." Richard Shickel in Harpers called McLuhan a "seminal" thinker. And Howard Gossage writing in this magazine in April could barely balance his enthusiasm with a single critical question.

All this intellectual ferment is apparently only the tip of an iceberg. The French have already coined *mcluhanisme*, and mcluhanites have popped up on campuses throughout the country. The University of British Columbia set up a McLuhan World Arts Festival in 1965. Industrialists have come to see him from Japan and India. In San Francisco in January a three-day McLuhan happening was staged, and I am told a similar event took place in the East Village in New York under the title "McLuhan Megillah."

A letter which McLuhan says he received may sum up the feelings of these enthusiasts: "We shall build a new

CHILDREN in TROUBLE

or who are troubled need special kinds of attention that most schools cannot give. At Green Valley School we have found that when a child lives and works in a democratic community with accepting and caring adults, behavioral problems diminish greatly. It is our goal to educate children, including those considered incorrigible, and our case histories demonstrate that we do this successfully.

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world and our children will stand on the stars. You have shown the way—the world will follow." The phenomena of McLuhan transcend him.

McLUHAN'S APPEAL to Madison Avenue and the communications industry—as it is so aptly called—is hardly surprising. If the medium is the message and content is irrelevant, and if the medium is creating a social revolution, then all those once-hopeful artists and writers who are now turning out soap-slogans and car-copy and all those executives with lingering guilt about the hours of trash they broadcast no longer need feel immoral. It is always pleasant to wake up one morning and find that you are a good guy despite yourself.

What interests me is the enthusiasm for McLuhan among some intellectuals and particularly the young, alienated, artistic kids.

I think it is because McLuhan is giving us a faith, and not even a faith based on hard, theological argument, but simply on myth and ritual. When *Understanding Media* is read in this way, the repetitious, contradictory, mosaic approach makes sense. The phrases are incantations before the altar of the new religion; the undefined words, endlessly repeated in different contexts, build icons for us. And it should be pointed out that McLuhan himself would welcome the observation (icons are cool).

It is this faith to which the enthusiasts of McLuhan respond. He is "optimistic about the new technology and he accepts pop culture without a sneer," Newsweek sighs. Charles Silberman is obviously relieved that he "joyously welcomes the technological and cultural changes that other writers fear." Harold Rosenberg in the New Yorker is pleased that McLuhan "has found positive, humanistic meaning and the color of life in supermarkets, stratospheric flight, and lights blinking on broadcasting towers . . . *Understanding Media*," he continues, "is a concrete testimonial . . . to the belief that man is certain to find his footing in the new world he is in the process of creating." Note the phrases "joyously welcomes," and "concrete testimonial."

McLuhan has not always been enthusiastic about the future. *The Mechanical Bride*, his first book, is largely critical. In the *Gutenberg Galaxy* he allows himself a doubt or two as when he warns that "as our senses have gone outside us, Big Brother goes inside." And even in *Understanding Media* McLuhan can write that "once we have surrendered our sense and nervous systems to the private manipulation of those who would try to benefit from taking a lease on our eyes and ears and nerves, we don't really have any rights left."

But it is only a lingering concern, drowned in an enthusiastic chorus. The loss of such rights may not even be such a bad thing. He has written with obvious approval that "we are certainly coming within conceivable range of a world automatically controlled to the point where we could say, 'Six hours less radio in Indonesia next week or there will be a great falling off in literary attention.' Or, 'We can program 20 more hours of TV in South Africa next week to cool down tribal temperatures raised by radio last week.' Whole cultures could now be programmed to keep their emotional climate stable in the same way that we have begun to know something about maintaining equilibrium in the commercial economies of the world."

McLuhan has an answer for most of the persistent problems that attract the "paranoid" social scientists. On poverty he writes that "rich and poor necessarily live in much the same manner. Today, in the electronic age, the richest man is reduced to having much the same entertainment, and even the same food and vehicles, as the ordinary man."

Those concerned with the slaughter of the 20th century and the Vietnam war will be pleased to know that "ink and photo are supplanting soldiery and tanks" and that "the pen daily becomes mightier than the sword."

You can cease worrying about conformity because "the mark of our time is its revulsion against imposed patterns." Cultural pessimists will be glad to know that "in both new attire and new dwellings, our unified sensibility cavorts amidst a wide range of awareness of materials and colors which makes ours one of the greatest ages of music, poetry, painting, and architecture alike."

Indeed, McLuhan's description of contemporary life sometimes sounds like the prophetic visions of utopian socialists describing the classless state

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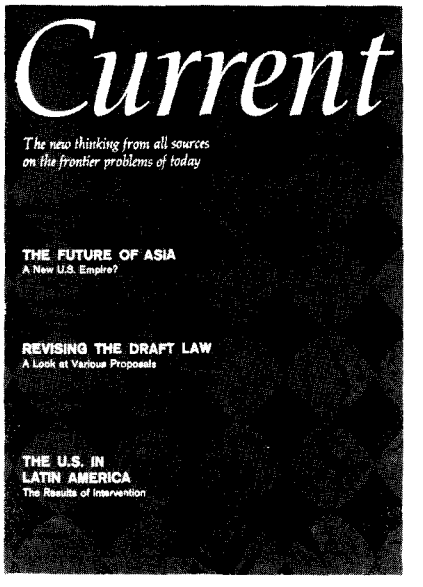
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in which all contradictions finally have been resolved. The new automation, McLuhan says, will end "the old dichotomies between culture and technology, between art and commerce, and between work and leisure."

Luckily this new society will not dispossess the already wealthy—a fact that undoubtedly endears McLuhan to corporate America—because the rich no longer can enjoy their wealth and "even the hardiest" of them "dwindle into the modest ways of timid service to mankind."

And this social revolution will take place without any disturbance to the current commercial system in the West. The technology in and of itself is a freeing agent, regardless of who controls it or what it is used for. Television used to sell commodities is no different from television used to provide information and culture. Indeed, McLuhan prefers commercially operated communications which, through "commercial urgency, rather than artistic insight," he says, foster "a hectic vivacity" while the socially owned CBC and BBC by contrast are "awkward and inhibited." It is "commercial urgency," he writes, that will "compel commitment and participation."

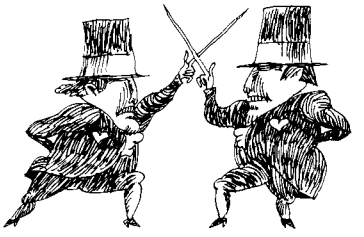
But the key selling point for intellectuals—and I use that phrase advisedly—is the inevitable role that they will play in McLuhan's scheme of things. "As electric information levels rise," he writes, "almost any kind of material will serve any kind of need or function, forcing the intellectual more and more into the role of social command and into the service of production."

And finally, the liturgy has its vision of heaven on earth, in which McLuhan enjoys his most lyrical and his most bizarre moments. We will, he says, "by-pass languages in favor of a general cosmic consciousness which might be very like the collective unconsciousness dreamt of by Bergson. The condition of 'weightlessness,' that biologists say promises a physical immortality, may be paralleled by a condition of speechlessness that could confer a perpetuity of collective harmony and peace."

And so there you have it. The retribalization of mankind under a universal, automated system in which the rich (in timid service to mankind) and the intellectuals (under commercial urgency and in the service of production) can cool down tribal tensions in South Africa from some central source (like Washington?) and compel the rest of us into an unthinking, non-literate, depth participation and involvement which hopefully will end in speechlessness . . .

Christopher Koch is presently teaching the English novel and communications at Bennington College.

Art:



A HUMAN CONDITION

by Brian St. Pierre

WHAT MAY very well become this generation's Guernica is housed, inappropriately enough, in the main dining room of Syracuse University, where diners of all ages and collegial rank have the opportunity to digest, along with the inevitable chicken à la king, molotov cocktails, mushroom clouds and monks flambé.

A remarkable 66-year-old artist named Adja Yunkers was commissioned by Syracuse to do a mural 50 feet by 17 feet, covering the entire wall of the dining room where they hold dances and many other functions. No strings were attached. When pressured for a title by the p.r. men, Yunkers was first amused (a title was the last thing he would think of), then inventive (he called it "A Human Condition") and finally circumventive (he didn't bother explaining that his title meant Vietnam, war, self-immolation and destruction—all of which Syracuse U. at this point is totally unaware). The actual title of the mural, unveiled in September, was subsequently changed to "They have made a desert and have called it Peace." It's from Tacitus.

Since the '30s Yunkers has been involved in a number of revolutionary movements, including the Spanish Civil War. But his art has always come first. Unlike the majority of his counterparts, Yunkers is strongly committed—to life, to art, to people—and he has grown increasingly impatient with modern artists who are abdicating their role, the duty of the artist to look into the future to clarify the present. He feels that the Op and Pop movements are concentrating so hard on being what's happening today that they lose sight of the future and the contiguous time line that ties all meaning together. In recent years Yunkers has come around to the position that the artist must make his protest *with* his art.

Adja did the entire mural himself, and he feels very deeply about it—partly because of his age ("This is, I hope, the summary of my life's work"), partly because of the way he feels about the war in Vietnam. He said passionately during the final stages of completion, "This has got to be a masterpiece." If so, he feels people will pay attention and think—which is the whole idea. The mural is abstract so that people can keep coming back to it, each time gaining new insights and ideas.

The kaleidoscopic work, in unflinching colors should be read from right to left. It depicts the immolations of monks, played up against backgrounds of storm-clouds of war; billowing, all-engulfing napalm ("Midnight at Noontime") and the Mandala, Eastern symbol of introspection. The Stars and the Stripes are there, too, hiding, then rematerializing, from behind the clouds. There are three panels, and the right hand panel is the *reason* for the other two. Yunkers explained, "The really disturbing thing is the reason—the rest are statements of a fact."

What Yunkers has done with the mural is to express his idea that war and horror can be made beautiful. The first page of his sketchbook, a remarkable thing itself, is a photo of a Buddhist monk aflame. "I tried to understand how he felt when he made the decision. Immolation is not like suicide, not like jumping out a window, because life is too much. It's—as protest—the ultimate decision. I want to convey the serenity, the dignity of the man. That's one reason why my search for the right forms for the mural has been a matter of simplification, from the more elaborate first drawings, which were more literal—and more literary—to this."

Brian St. Pierre, associate editor of True magazine, has published articles in the New York Times and the Sunday Herald Tribune.

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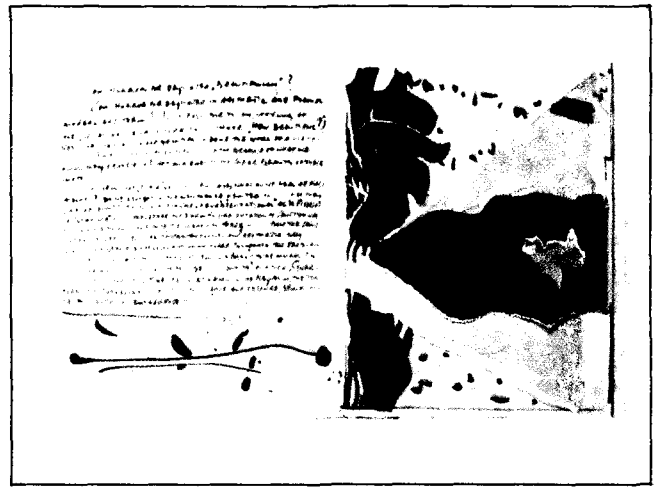
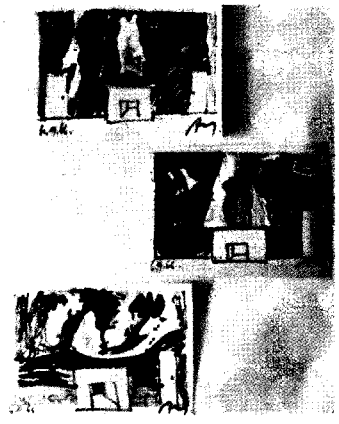
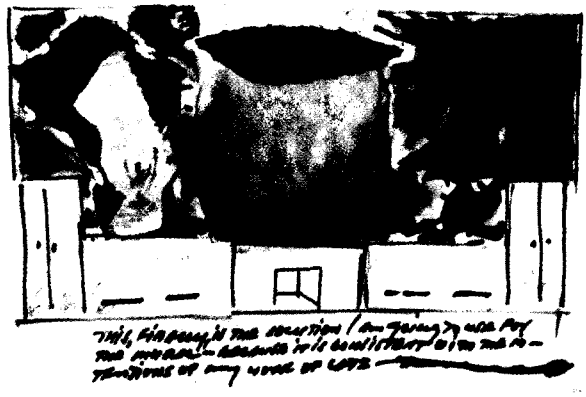
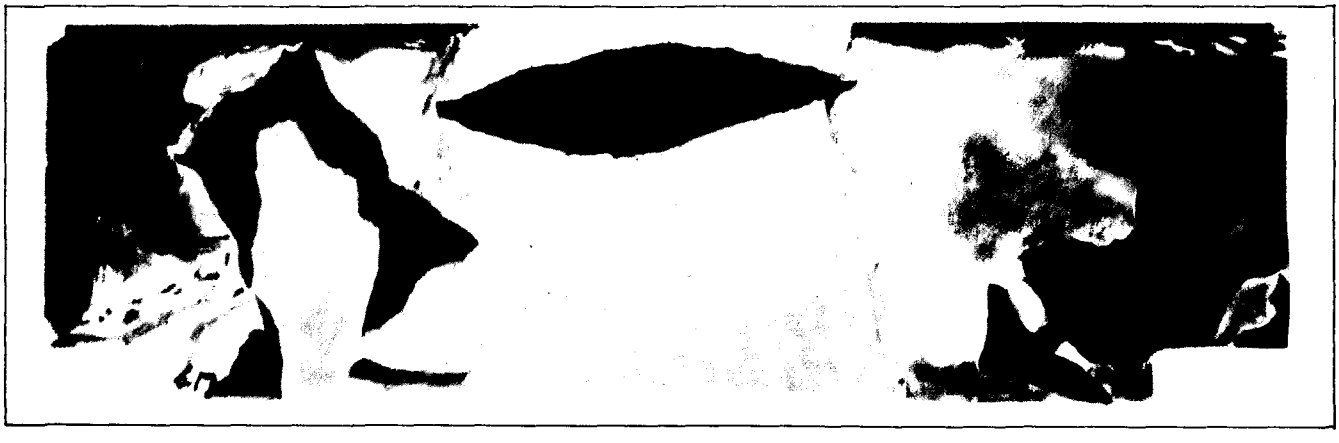
A Human Condition

A selection from Mr. Yunker's preliminary sketches
(*see the next page for the completed mural*)









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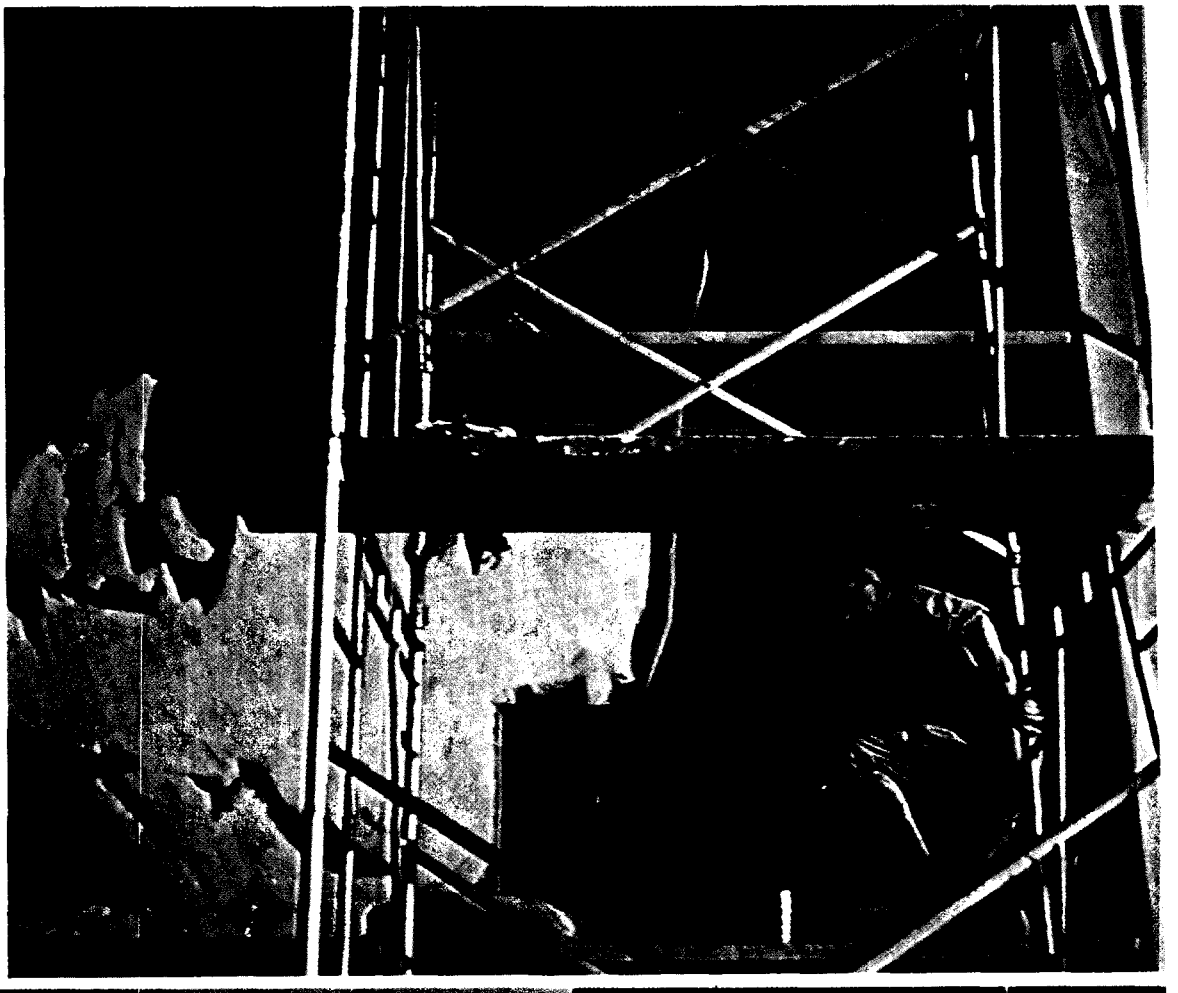
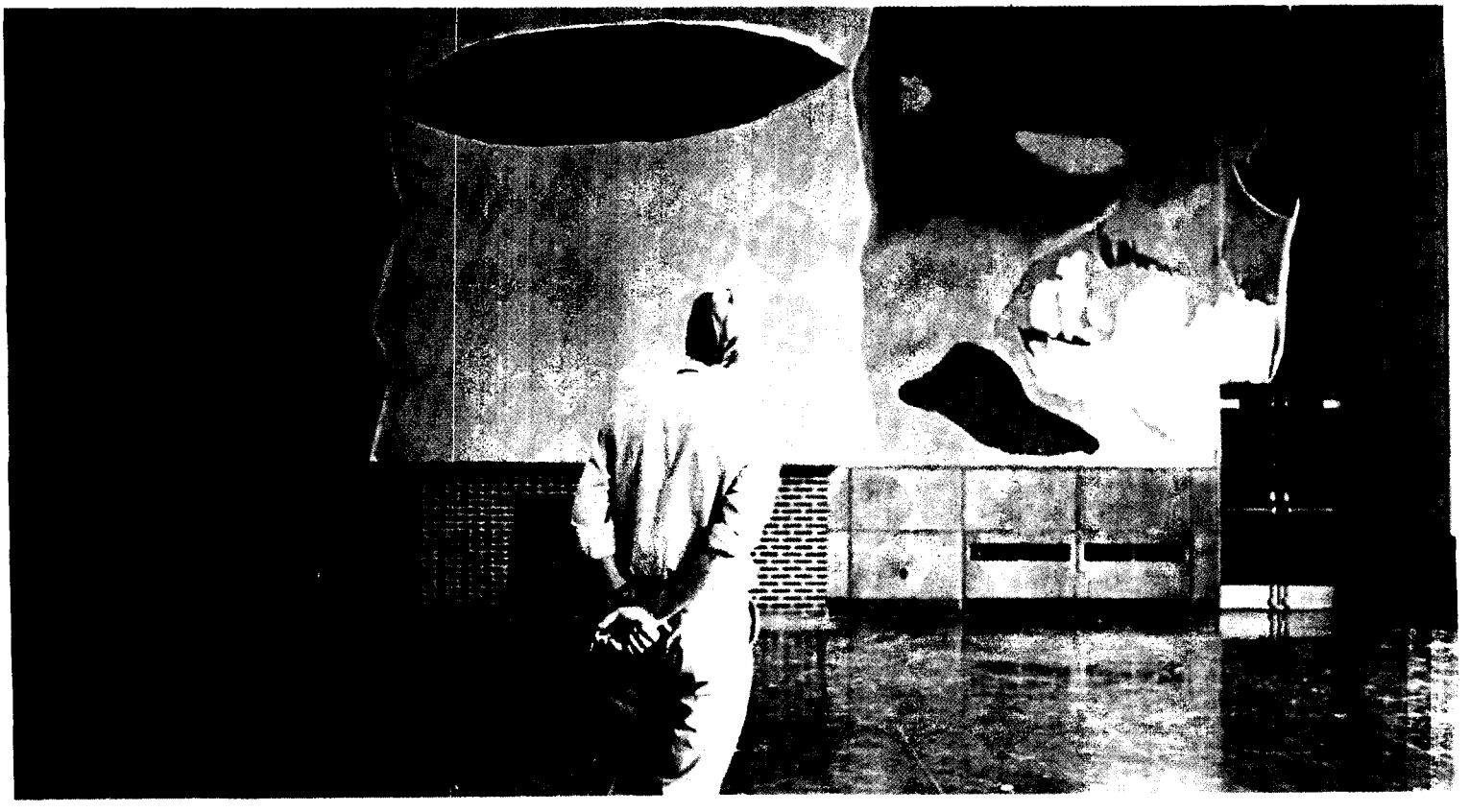
The artist at work
on the final stages
of *A Human Condition*





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SHOULD WE ALSO FLOOD THE SISTINE CHAPEL SO TOURISTS CAN GET NEARER THE CEILING?

'ARTH began four billion years ago and Man two million. The Age of Technology, on the other hand, is hardly a hundred years old, and on our time chart ave been generous to give it even the little line we have. seems to us hasty, therefore, during this blip of time, for to think of directing his fascinating new tools toward ing irrevocably the forces which made him. Nonetheless, ese few brief years among four billion, wilderness has ut disappeared. And now these:

here is a bill in Congress to "improve" Grand Canyon. wo dams will back up artificial lakes into 148 miles of anyon gorge. This will benefit tourists in power boats, it s argued, who will enjoy viewing the canyon wall more losely. (See headline). Submerged underneath the tourists will be part of the most revealing single page of earth's istory. The lakes will be as deep as 600 feet (deeper for xample, than all but a handful of New York buildings are igh) but in a century, silting will have replaced the water vith that much mud, wall to wall.

There is no part of the wild Colorado River, the Grand Canyon's sculptor, that will not be maimed.

Tourist recreation, as a reason for the dams, is in fact an afterthought. The Bureau of Reclamation, which backs them, prefers to call the dams "cash registers." They are expected to make money by sale of commercial power.

They will not provide anyone with water.

In Northern California, four lumber companies are about to complete logging the private virgin redwood forests, an operation which to give you an idea of its size, has taken fifty years.

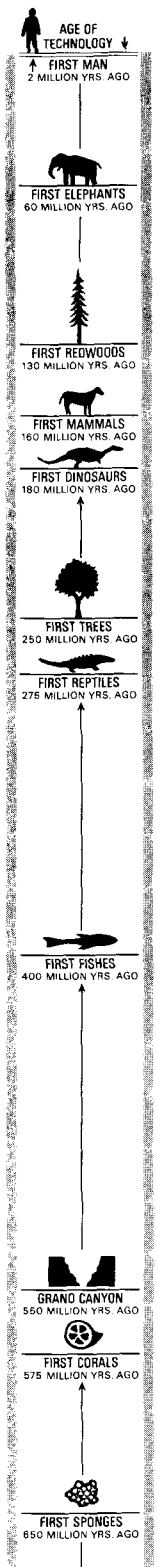
Soon, where nature's tallest living things have stood silently since the age of the dinosaurs, the extent of the cutting will make creation of a redwood national park absurd.

The companies have said tourists want only enough roadside trees for the snapping of photos. They offer to spare trees for this purpose, and not much more. The result will remind you of the places on your face you missed while you were shaving.

And up the Hudson, there are plans for a power complex —a plant, transmission lines, and a reservoir on top of Storm King Mountain—destroying one of the last wild and high and beautiful spots near New York City.

A proposal to flood a region in Alaska as large as Lake Erie would eliminate at once the breeding grounds of more wildlife than conservationists have preserved in history.

In San Francisco, real estate developers are day by day filling a bay that made the city famous, putting tract houses over the fill; and now there's a new idea—still more fill, enough for an air cargo terminal as big as Manhattan.



There exists today a mentality which can conceive such destruction, giving commerce as ample reason. For 74 years, the 40,000 member Sierra Club has opposed that mentality. But now, when even Grand Canyon can be threatened, we are at a critical moment in time.

This generation will decide if something untrammelled and free remains, as testimony we had love for those who follow.

We have been taking ads, therefore, asking people to write their Congressmen and Senators; Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall; The President; and to send us funds to continue the battle. Thousands *have* written, but meanwhile, the Grand Canyon legislation has advanced out of committee and is at a crucial stage in Congress. More letters are needed and more money, to help fight a mentality that may decide Man no longer needs nature.*

David Brower, Executive Director
Sierra Club
Mills Tower, San Francisco

- ☐ Please send me more details on how I may help.
- ☐ Here is a donation of $_____ to continue your effort to keep the public informed.
- ☐ Send me "Time and the River Flowing," famous four color book which tells the complete story of Grand Canyon, and why T. Roosevelt said, "leave it as it is." ($25.00)
- ☐ Send me "The Last Redwoods" which tells the complete story of the opportunity as well as the destruction in the redwoods. ($17.50)
- ☐ I would like to be a member of the Sierra Club. Enclosed is $14.00 for entrance and first year's dues.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

*The previous ads, urging that readers exercise a constitutional right of petition, to save Grand Canyon, produced an unprecedented reaction by the Internal Revenue Service threatening our tax deductible status. IRS says the ads may be a "substantial" effort to "influence legislation." Undefined, these terms leave organizations like ours at the mercy of administrative whim. (The question has not been raised with any organizations that favor Grand Canyon dams.) So we cannot now promise that contributions you send us are deductible—pending results of what may be a long legal battle.

The Sierra Club, founded in 1892 by John Muir, is nonprofit, supported by people who, like Thoreau, believe "In wildness is the preservation of the world." The club's program is nationwide, includes wilderness trips, books and films—as well as such efforts as this to protect the remnant of wilderness in the Americas. There are now twenty chapters, branch offices in New York (Biltmore Hotel), Washington (Dupont Circle Building), Los Angeles (Auditorium Building), Albuquerque, Seattle, and main office in San Francisco.

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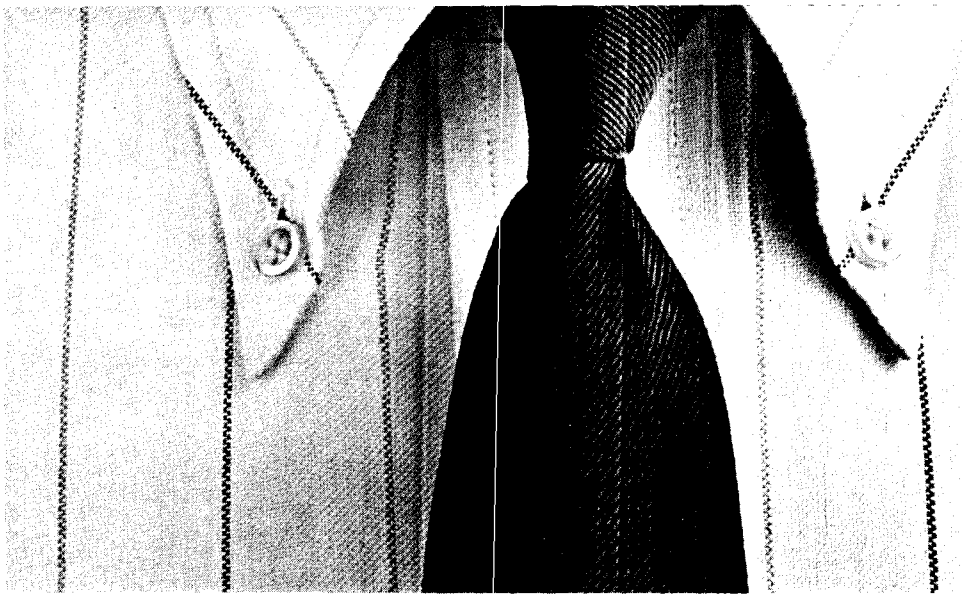


[Or, The Eagle Also Rises]

THE STRIPES OF KILIMANJARO; *OR,* FOR WHOM THE PIPE BOWLS

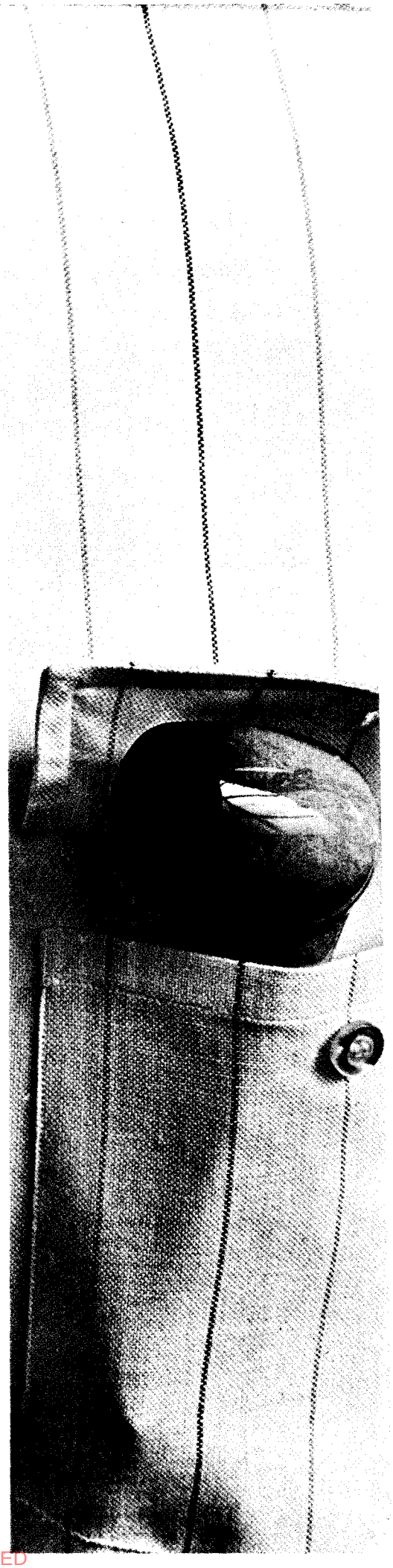
Kilimanjaro is a snow covered mountain 19,710 feet high and it is said to be the most popular mountain in Africa. Close to the western summit there is the striped and button-downed carcass of an Eagle. No one has explained what a shirt company was seeking at that altitude.

AT THIS POINT it is necessary that you see a meerschaum pipe. Some *aficionados* try to imagine one, but either the imagine-ing is not good and true and honest or they imagine something else entirely, a calabash perhaps, which is the wrong color.

Where the bowl sticks out did you notice that its color is that of the oxford shirting, and that the inside is that of the stripes running up and down vigorously? This is the why of Eagle's Meerschaum Tromblees.

A *Tromblee* is like this: buttoned-down at collar and cuff and at pocket-flap too. Men find security where they can. It costs about $8.00. It is true that some men who can't find security can't find Eagle shirts either. So they write Revera Afflerbach, the Pennsylvanian, at the address below. It seems to work out, clearly.

What may not be clear to the reader, or *consumero,* is how Africa comes in here as implied unless dragged by its heels. In this fashion, Señor; do not the celebrated Amboseli Block Meerschaums, of which this twenty dollar pipe is one, come from Lake Amboseli in the shadow of Mount Kilimanjaro? A far-fetched tie-in, Bwana, but is it not damned manly? And look at that shirt.



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